THIRD SECTION

The Daily Colonist.

(ESTABLISHED 1858)

MAGAZINE FEATURES

NO. 250—SEVENTY-FIRST YEAR — VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1929

Great Britain and the Dominions Overseas

SIMON PROBE SEES BURMA AS DOMINION

Local Legislative Committee Collaborates in Statement of Famous Enquiry That Incubus Should End

WOULD PUT STATE UNDER HOME OFFICE

Separation Now Dominant Issue in Further India and Government Say Action Would Solve Problem

THE movement for separation of Burma mentioned in these columns some weeks ago grows apace and is now the dominant political issue. The Provincial Legislative Committee co-operating with the Simon Commission in its report just published strongly recommends immediate separation from the rest of British India as the first step toward the attainment of full responsible government in Burma.

Burma's political connection with India, according to the report, is only arbitrary and unnatural. Burma's subservience to India, the document goes on to say, has also seriously jeopardized its financial and economic interest and is ever threatening to denationalize its form of administration.

The committee indicates the lines along which Burma should advance to its goal of full responsible government without attaching too much importance to such names as home rule and dominion status. The committee desires, after separation, that Burma should be placed in direct relationship with the Home (British) Government through the Secretary of State. Alternatively, if Burma cannot throw off the incubus of India, it should receive at least the same measure of political advance as that given to the major provinces in India.

The Burma Government's memorendum agrees that separation is the dominant issue, and it considers that by separation the constitutional problem will be greatly simplified. Referring to the constitutional aspect of the question, it says that the Burmans approximate far more closely to the ordinary conception of a nation than the Indians, and the constitutional problem, if separated from that of India, becomes far simpler.

VACCINATION'S VALUE

Report of British Ministry of Health Stresses Risks but Insists on Proven Value of Practice

"Vaccination is our chief protection against smallpox," states the annual report of the British Ministry of Health. "Both vaccinia and the art of vaccination have their risks. Yet in none of the suspected 'post-vaccinal' cases of nervous disease has there been any evidence that the vaccine itself, or the method of vaccination, was faulty."

"Since December, 1927, five and a half million vaccinations took place, while there had been notified some 22,300 cases of encephalitis lethergica, polio-myelitis, cerebro-spinal fever, etc.

"Cancer continues to exact its heavy toll of the maturer lives of the community. For 1928 deaths totaled 56,253, giving a rate of 1,425 per million persons living. The past year, therefore, again shows an increase in the recorded mortality rate."

The records of the success already achieved by radium therapy in the treatment of cancer fully justify a national effort to press on with research and clinical investigation, and to render supplies of radium and its skilled administration more generally available.

BOARDED RUNAWAY

Lad Scrambles From Pursuing Lorry Onto Horse's Back and Stops Mad Career

The London Commissioner of Police has commended a youth of twenty on his action in stopping a runaway horse at Edmonton recently. The horse had run nearly a mile when two lads in a motor lorry took up the chase. When the lorry drew level, one of the lads climbed over the side into the trap when both vehicles were going at twenty-five miles per hour. He tried to pull the horse up by its reins, but these broke. Then he crawled along the back of the maddened animal and, after much difficulty, he pulled it up by seizing its bridle.

BELFAST'S RESERVOIR

Construction of $2,000,000 Water Scheme Shortly Under Way

Doubt has been dispelled regarding the feasibility of Belfast's £2,000,000 reservoir, the construction of which is to be proceeded with to supply Northern Ireland's capital and the surrounding district. The Belfast Water Commissioners will shortly deposit the first barrowload of cement in the new trench which is 176 feet below the ground level.

Workers' Savings Increase in Spite of Post-War Troubles

THE International Thrift Congress which is to be held in London in October will focus attention on the splendid work of the various banks which are the repositories of the British workers' savings, says The Mirror.

It is an interesting fact that the money of 2,472,677 people amounts to over £160,000,000, and this sum is distributed among 116 branches of trustees savings banks.

Within fifteen years the funds on deposit have more then doubled themselves.

Thus, in spite of our post-war difficulties, the financial health of the community is very sound.

Safety first may be an uninspiring slogan in regard to politics, but in the matter of money it is a duty. The man who is careless with his cash is generally careless about other people's. Extravagance is anti-social, almost anti-religious.

NEED SIR HENRY TO SOLVE PROBLEM

Electrification of Britain's Roads to Relieve Labor Situation Points C.N.R. Head as "the Man"

That the Government plans to electrify the whole trunk railway system throughout Great Britain as a means of relieving unemployment is suggested by an announcement that a committee, of which Lord Weir of Eastwood is chairman, has been appointed to report on the possibilities of the scheme. Heavy foreign investments have been made in British electrical undertakings, and if the plan were finally adopted it would mean that companies like the General Electric would be in the running for big construction contracts.

Lord Weir presided over the committee whose report led to the establishment of the British Central Electricity Board. He will be associated in the present inquiries with Sir Ralph Wedgwood and Sir William McLintock, prominent accountant, who has advised the Government in many matters connected with electrical undertakings.

News of the appointment of this committee comes at a moment when great interest has been aroused in Britain by the news that J. H. Thomas, Lord Privy Seal, who is traveling in Canada, has had interviews with Sir Henry Thornton, who has literally remade the Canadian National Railway system since his appointment as president of that line.

It is believed in England that Mr. Thomas, who for years has been a leader in the railroad men's union, wants Sir Henry to come to England as railway adviser of the Government. It is known that railway reorganization is at the forefront of Mr. Thomas' unemployment plans.

COALOWNERS FACE ENORMOUS DEFICIT

Yorkshire Proprietors Must Make Up Wage Shortage of $51,250,000 to End of 1929

There is an increase of 3.54 in the Yorkshire miners' ascertainment for September, the award being 8.37, which, however, is 22.63 below the minimum. This deficiency will cost the Yorkshire coalowners anything from £250,000 to £300,000 in making wages up to the minimum. The last ascertained deficiency is for July, when it reached £287,540, making a total from June, 1927, to the end of July this year of £8,914,797. The present agreement expires on December 31 next, and it is considered highly probable that a deficiency will be recorded each month up to the end of the year. By that time coalowners, it is calculated, will have made up wages to the minimum at a cost of something like £10,250,000. It is an amazing figure, and neither owners nor men ever anticipated the piling up of such a large deficiency. All hope of the owners getting back even a fraction of this money by the ascertainment rising above 32 per cent is abandoned.

"ANNIE LAURIE"

Judges in Mouth Organ Contest Listen to Tune Played Ninety-Eight Times

Judges sitting behind a screen in the City Hall heard "Annie Laurie" played ninety-eight times on mouth organs in one day, and "Barren Rocks of Aden" and "My Nut Brown Maiden" about seventy times each. These were test selections in the Scottish mouth organ championship won by Quentin Pettigrew, of Kilmarnock.

COST OF LIVING

At August 1 the average level of retail prices of all the commodities taken into account in the statistics compiled by the British Ministry of Labor (including food, rent, clothing, fuel and light, and miscellaneous items) was approximately 63 per cent above that of July, 1914, as compared with 61 per cent a month ago and 65 per cent a year ago.

BATTLE RUIN MOST UNIQUE OLDEN ABBEY

Picturesque Castle Near Hastings Marks Scene of Ancient Britons' Last Stand Against Normans

AT SPOT WHERE KING HAROLD FELL

Astonishing Beauty of Outlook Over Sussex Hills Declared Most Impressive Memory of Visit

OF England's many picturesque ruins, with historical or sentimental association, Battle Abbey is among the most beautiful. Its long history may be briefly stated. William the Conqueror built the abbey after overcoming the English (1066), thus changing the entire trend of English history, in fulfillment of a vow previously made. The battle between the Britons, under Harold, and the Normans under William, although usually referred to as the Battle of Hastings, really took place at Senlac Hill, seven miles from that city. The abbey is said to mark the actual spot where King Harold fell.

At the Reformation (1538) the place was presented to Sir Anthony Browne, Master of the Horse under Henry VIII. At that time, everything except one beautiful building was entirely or partially destroyed. This building the owner made over into a magnificent private residence. Such it remained until today, when it is now occupied by a girls' college.

From the quaint old town of Battle the approach to Battle Abbey, as is is still called, is up a short rise of ground to the picturesque old gateway with its imposing Norman towers. Over the gateway are two figures said to represent King Edward II and Queen Philippa of Hainhault, placed there in commemoration of their visit. The long wing on one side of the entrance was the old Market Hall; on the other side of the gateway is the gatekeeper's lodge.

From the wall one has a magnificent view over the rolling country toward Hastings, from which town the Conqueror approached to make vital history for England. Within the walls, without a guide it would be difficult to wander intelligently around fallen walls, over heaps of overgrown stones, to identify faintly outlined bounderies. Here is the church. There the refectory, the cloisters, and the Chapter House and the partially preserved vaulted chambers of beautiful architecture above which were the dormitories. When the commissioners under direction of Henry VIII visited the place to demolish it, they saw the practical value of this building for stables, and so they escaped destruction.

What leaves the most lasting impression is not the historical association, interesting as that is, but the astonishing beauty of the place. One is lost in this labyrinth of beauty, for beauty is everywhere. Time, with the friendly climate of Sussex as an ally, has adorned the ruins with softening verdure.

AS TO PRONUNCIATION

British Broadcasting Company's Dictum Sets Qaid Nancs by the Ears

We are in danger of becoming a nation of B.B.C. announcers, says The Sketch. This possibility was suggested by several London teachers of elocution when discussing the latest list of "pronunciations" issued by the B.B.C. advisory committee on spoken English. The most debated pronunciations are: Decadence as decaydence, ass to rhyme with lass, zebra as zeebra, vagary as vagairy, tornado as tornaydo. "I do not know what principles the committee work on," said Mr. F. A. Hoare, assistant education secretary of the National Union of Teachers. "I cannot see, for example, how 'decaydence' can be called the appropriate pronunciation."

HIGH PRICE OF LEISURE

The London Morning Post reports a series of extraordinary demands made to the Board of Guardians by the younger inmates of the Hamilton poorhouse. Forced to become public charges because of unemployment, they have apparently found time hanging heavy on their hands and poorhouse hospitality not at all that it might be. The demands now before the board include: A daily choice of butter or jam, substitution of earthenware dishes for enamelware; provision in the grounds of the poorhouse of a putting green and a football pitch; wireless in the central hall.

The importation of Alsatian dogs into Australia has been prohibited, following reports that this breed has killed many valuable sheep in various parts of Australia. The new regulations do not affect the breeding of Alsatians or the continued possession of those already in the country. State Ministers of Agriculture, however, at their annual conference, recommended legislation ordering the destruction or sterilization of Alsatians now in Australia.

Marks England's Most Famous Battlefield



Battle Abbey, Near Hastings

RESTORE ANCIENT KIRK

Edifice Near Peebles Has Seen Service Ever Since Time of St. Mungo

A wonderful piece of restoration work has been carried out recently at Stobo Church in the neighborhood of Peebles. The church is Norman. Some think it was built in 1150, but there are many who take the present year as the 800th anniversary of its building. The cell and chapel which have just been restored are, however, much older, and it is believed that here is all that remains of the earliest traces of Christianity in the district. St. Mungo evangelized this district about A.D. 586, so that Stobo Kirk with its restored cell and chapel has been for 1440 years a place of Christian worship through all the phases of Culdee, Roman Catholic, Reformation, Presbytery, Episcopacy and yet again Presbytery and the Church of Scotland.

WORLD CONFERS ON ADULT EDUCATION

Representative From Tasmania's Association Group Challenges Cambridge Conference

Mr. G. W. Knight, a representative of the World Association Group in Tasmania, speaking before the World Conference on Education held at Cambridge recently, regretted that he should have come 14,000 miles to the conference without achieving his main object, which was to find out how to bridge the gap between the university and the working man. Their experience in Tasmania had shown that working men who went to adult education classes invariably tended to drift away from the classes as time went on. He had not discovered from the meetings of the conference how that drift was to be stopped.

Mr. C. F. Strickland, of the Rural Community Board, Lahore, said adult illiteracy was largely a rural problem, the less advanced countries being those with a predominantly rural population. In India particularly the education of soldiers had proved valuable in dealing with the problem of illiteracy. He suggested that it was desirable to make one script known in all countries and to collect full statistics of illiteracy in the decennial census of each country.

Mr. Philip Cox, an Indian delegate, told the conference that they had not touched the questions facing India and the East. Only one European country had tackled illiteracy in terms that the East could understand, and that was Russia; yet there was a curious disinclination to study what Russia was doing in the field of adult education.

Dr Dyboski, of the University of Cracow, Poland, was invited to speak in reply to Mr Cox, as he had had some experience of Russia. He said that under the Bolshevist Government an attempt to abolish illiteracy by a short cut had not met with success, because it was one of those proposals which was put into operation before the country was prepared for it.

Mirza Isa Khan Sadiq, Director of the Persian Department of Public Education, conveyed to the conference the greetings of the Persian Government. Persia sent each year more than 200 students to the Western universities, and at present there were more than 750 students in Europe, half of whom had scholarships from the Government.

At the final session Mr. R. M. Stratham, Deputy Director of Public Instruction, Madras, speaking as the official representative of the Government of India, said that the conference had shown that the problems of India were more intense and difficult than those facing most countries represented at the conference. The people of India today, as never before, were demanding education, not for little exclusive classes, but from top to bottom.

UNDERTAKERS FOR U.S.

A party of fifteen British undertakers left London recently for Canada and the United States, where they will study North American funeral and embalming methods.

BRITAIN HAS HEALTHY YEAR

Annual Statistics Shows Tuberculosis as Least Severe of Five Principal Causes of Mortality

POPULATION IS NOW NEARLY STATIONARY

Britain is almost within sight of a stationary population, declares Sir George Newman, of the British Health Department, in the annual report just issued.

The natural rate of increase of population last year was five per 1,000 per annum, whereas the rate of natural increase in 1901 was 11.6 per 1,000, almost as high as sixty years before, when the birth and death rates had not begun to fall.

The year 1928 was exceptionally healthy in England and Wales, perhaps the healthiest of which we have record, the report states.

The population of Great Britain in 1928 was 44,375,000—an increase of 182,000 on 1927.

"For more than a generation the proportion of children has been decreasing and of persons past the prime of life increasing.

The war resulted in the proportion of children enumerated at the census of 1921 descending to 6.6 per cent, while the proportion of persons over fifty-five rose to 13.7 per cent.

The estimate of population in 1926 gives 8.1 per cent of children under five and 15.6 per cent of persons over fifty-five.

Instead of, as at the beginning of the twentieth century, children outnumbering those in late middle and old age, the latter will be much more than twice as numerous as the former by the middle of the century.

The children born in 1928 numbered 660,267, an increase of 6,095 over the previous year, which was the lowest number recorded for a great many years. The number of persons who died was 460,389, which was 24,220 less than the previous year.

"There is for 1928 an improved balance to the credit of births which has been effected by the substantial decrease in the death rate and in the infant mortality rate, which now stands at sixty-five, the lowest figure ever recorded."

The deaths from all forms of tuberculosis during 1928 was eighty per thousand, while heart and circulation, 229, respiratory disease, 129, and cancer, eighty-one each per thousand are other figures disclosed.

WINTER WEDS SPRING

Octogenarian Widow Consoles Herself by Taking Groom of Twenty-Three

An amazing marriage took place at Woking, Surrey, recently. Mrs F. E. Stevens, a wealthy widow of eighty-four, was wedded to Mr. Cyril Millis, aged twenty-three. Mrs Stevens, who had been a widow for over forty years, is the owner of considerable property in the neighborhood. Her twenty-three-year-old bridegroom is the son of a local garage proprietor. The wedding was the outcome of an attachment of some three years' standing. The bride's desire was to have someone to whom she might leave all her valuable property.

SCOTT'S "IVANHOE"

Philadelphia Lady Was Original of Rebecca in Famous Historic Novel

Rebecca Gratz, of Philadelphia, served as the model for Rebecca in Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe." Her story was made known by Washington Irving at the time of her visit to Abbotsford in 1817. Scott sent the first copy of his book to Irving with the letter in which he said: "How do you like your Rebecca? Does the Rebecca I have pictured compare with the pattern given?"

LADY GODIVA

Yorkshire Town Lays Claim to Scene of Famous Ride in Undress

A pretty controversy has arisen in Dudley, Worcestershire, over our old and lovely friend, Lady Godiva. She is due to appear in the local carnival on the pretext that she once inhabited Dudley Castle, founded by her ancestor Dodo in the year 700. This on the authority of the law, for a prominent solicitor has proved it from the archives. The good people of Dudley regard such an excuse as transparent as the apparel that Lady Godiva must wear in accordance with the old legend. They want to send the lady to Coventry, where she is better known and respected. The situation is not without humor, even if the story, so far as Dudley is concerned, is as dead as the Dodo.

MEDICAL RESEARCH

Donation of £40,000 to British Organization Made by Mrs. Odo Cross

Another notable gift for medical research has just been announced, and it is a rather a touching one. The Medical Research Council of London state that they have received from Mrs. Odo Cross a sum of £40,000 to endow a trust for the establishment of research fellowships for the study of tuberculosis. It is to be known as the "Dorothy Temple Cross Research Fellowship Fund." The amount in question is the total sum received by Mrs. Cross in respect to her daughter's estate, no part of which will be retained by her for her own benefit.

AGENT EMPHASIZES TRADE WITH INDIA

Eastern Empire High Commissioner Appeals for Imperial Reciprocity

The High Commissioner for India in London, Sir Atul Chatterjee, made a statement recently on the desirability of increased use of Indian foodstuffs, and more particularly rice, in preference to the products of non-Empire origin.

Sir Atul Chatterjee said that the importance of India in inter-Imperial trade, though the biggest market in the world for British manufactures, was too little appreciated in this country. Since the vast majority of her people were agriculturists, the great bulk of her exports were food products, raw materials, or slightly manufactured goods. The more of these she could sell, the more she could buy manufactured goods. The purchasing power of the Indian masses had been checked by the fact that world prices of agricultural produce had not risen in the same proportion as those of manufactured articles.

Rice grown in other countries had commended itself to British housewives merely because it looked prettier. It looked prettier mainly because it was more highly milled and polished. As a matter of fact, the more the rice was polished the more nutriment was taken from it.

Another article of general consumption in which India made a great contribution to the supplies of the world was tea. This industry was a remarkable example of the combination of British and Indian enterprise. A very large proportion of the capital invested in the tea gardens of both India and Ceylon was held by British investors, and much of the management and supervision of the gardens was British, while the labor was Indian. The tea plantations employed nearly 1,000,000 workers. This industry was one which the British housewife would do very well to patronize.

Sir Atul Chatterjee added: "Buy more from India and enable us to buy more from you. It is pitiful that at present less than one-third of the United Kingdom's supplies of rice should come from India, despite her huge production and despite the fact that she could easily supply the whole demand if encouraged to do so. By buying from us more rice, more tea, more coffee, you will be raising the purchasing power of our cultivators, expanding the market for British goods, and doing something towards relieving your unemployment problem."

RIDICULOUS COIN

London Objects to "Threepenny Bits," but Wales and Scotland Approve

London does not love the "threepenny bit." Wales and Scotland, however, still offer good homes to "this ridiculous little coin," as it was termed in print. There is small possibility of an early withdrawal of the "threepenny-bit" from the coinage, however. The Royal Mint state that they strike threepenny pieces to the order of the Bank of England, though the Bank of England say they have no use for them.

FREE OPEN SPACES

Commissioner of Works Decrees Removal of London's "Keep Off the Grass" Signs

Steps are being taken to encourage the fuller use of the Royal and other parks in the London area. Rt. Hon. Mr Lansbury, First Commissioner of Works, is following the policy of his predecessor in removing railings from the flower walks in order to give the public a better opportunity of enjoying the beauties of the flower beds and to walk on stretches of grass if they desire. He favors more provision for mixed family bathing in the Serpentine in Hyde Park, and is considering representations from the Sunlight League for encouraging sun bathing. The suggestion made by a deputation was that huts with flat roofs for the bathing might be erected. Another proposal, which is favorably regarded, is that stretches of grass on either side of the Albert Memorial should be set apart for children's games.

MAY DESTROY OLD DEFENCES

Journalist Urges Britain to End Antiquated System of Ornaments on Empire's West India Islands

RECALLS CANADA'S UNARMED FRONTIER

Suggestions are made by J. L. Garvin's Sunday Observer that while Premier MacDonald is in Washington he should announce the abandonment of England's West Indian defences.

"Let the Prime Minister announce what is obviously sensible for us and would be immensely popular in the United States—dismantling of the remaining British fortification, small as it is, facing the North American coast and the Panama Canal," The Observer urges. "The old 'naval status' of Bermuda and Jamaica is useless and obsolete for imperial purposes, yet irritates a suspicious element on the other side.

"Let this good gesture be made on our initiative. The undefended frontier over 3,000 miles long already existing across Canada between the British Empire and the United States must be extended to the Atlantic and to the whole English-speaking world."

Satisfaction over the success of the naval conversations has been heightened by President Hoover's vigorous denunciation of William B. Shearer and by prompt action of the United States Senate in appointing an investigating committee. Although the first reaction to the Shearer case was one of amusement, there is now a genuine feeling that President Hoover has unmasked sinister propagandists not only in the United States, but in other countries.

H. Wickham Steed, writing in The London Sunday Times, says that the League of Nations already held Shearer in ungrateful memory.

"Now, quite apart from his unwitting service by enhancing the prospects of Anglo-American naval understanding, the League feels he has opened the eyes of the blind to nature that certain forces everywhere are operating against reduction of armaments," Mr. Steed says.

"American steel shipbuilding corporations are not the only nurseries of interested and perfervid patriotism in the world. It is recognized in Geneva that before the general disarmament conference can meet with a fair chance of success there is likely to be a stiff tussle with the interests vested in production of a superfluity of armaments on this side of the Atlantic."

SOLDIER'S DILEMMA

Guardsman Tries to Aid Destitute Mother and Lands Himself in Trouble

Lance-Corporal Ronald Francis, First Dragoon Guards, was sentenced to twenty-one days' detention by a court-martial at Aldershot on charges of being absent without leave. In his defence Francis said that when he went home last Christmas he found his mother seriously ill. She was a widow and received no pension. When he returned to barracks he sent her 6s. a week until May, when, finding that the money was insufficient to keep her, he obtained a job as a butcher at £2 5s. per week. He was thus able to give his mother £1 5s. weekly. He had no intention of staying away from the army altogether, and gave himself up to the police in Birmingham. An officer stated that Francis had been extremely well-behaved in his career.

TAIL-WAGGER CLUB GAINING POPULARITY

Astounding Success of Latest London Organization Attracts Attention of Owners of Canines

ROYAL PATRONS MAKE ENTRIES

Surplus Funds Earmarked to Aid in Foundation of Proposed Chair in Royal Veterinary College

ALMOST a year ago the "Tail-Waggers" Club was founded in London. It has turned out to be the most astounding success. The club, which is for the benefit of dogs themselves as well as their owners, will probably become the largest "doggy" organization in the world.

Princess Mary, only last month, enrolled her two dogs, Sheila and Patrick, and their numbers are R.3 and R.5. Her favorite dog, Peggy, was the first to have its name enrolled. The Queen of Norway's Billy is a Tail-Wagger R.4, and the Prince of Wales' dogs have also joined the club.

The entrance fee and life subscription of the dog are combined in the payment. The minimum is two shillings, but if you are a great dog lover and can afford it you will probably make it more. The badge, which the dog wears on its collar, is of oxydized silver, and has two tails crossed on one side and the number on the other.

The money, at the moment, is being used to help in the foundation of a "Chair" of Canine Medicine and Surgery at the Royal Veterinary College, Great Portland Street, Camden Town.

The badge acts as an identity disc for the dog, and the owner gets a certificate of the dog's membership, with a certificate entitling the owner to free postal advice on dog management, hygiene and general information during the life of the dog enrolled.

In addition a little booklet called the "Dog Owner's Guide" and a current copy of the "Tail-Wagger's Magazine," a monthly publication, is given.

Careful records are kept of all "Tail-Waggers," and police stations and dogs' homes are notified of this careful registration. If a Tail-Wagger gets lost it is usually not very long before news of him is available.

There is the story of Badger, a dog who lived at Derby and was lost for seven weeks. Eventually he was found at Rotherham. His protectors sent particulars on the badge to the Tail-Waggers headquarters, and they communicated with his owner by telegram.

Trixie, of Golders Green, became a Tail-Wagger on June 18. Next day the Golders Green Police Station telephoned to Trixie's owner that Tail-Wagger 71483 was in "jail." Recently a dog belonging to a doctor in Tooting, S.W., was identified by his badge and returned home before his master had become aware that he was lost. The dog had been absent only one night.

ANCIENT EGGS

Scientists Discover Fossils Probably Laid 200,000 Years Ago

Members of the Beebe expedition, making researches in Bermuda during the Summer, have found in an obscure corner of the local museum a group of fossil bird eggs of the variety known to scientists as phaethon flavirostris, a prehistoric tropical bird. The British Museum has only one specimen of this antiquated egg, while the Bermuda collection contains five unbroken specimens recently found in a quarry at Harris's Bay. Dr. O. L. Wood, of McGill University, Montreal, believes these eggs were laid between 100,000 and 200,000 years ago.

TRAVELING CAFE

"Hot Dog" Foundry for Benefit of Destitute Meets With Disaster

A traveling all-night cafe, which has for its object the feeding of destitute men and women, made its appearance in London recently. Unfortunately, it was involved in an accident on its journey to the Embankment, where it eventually arrived at 1 30 a.m. drawn by a breakdown lorry; its front wheels had been buckled and its steering gear smashed in a head-on collision with a private car at Rochester Row.

TIME WORKS CHANGES

Irish Jails Turned Into Radio Stations and Barracks Become Homes

The Irish Free State, having turned most of its swords into ploughshares and its military barracks into dwellings, now is shutting up prisons or using them as radiocasting stations. The famous Kilkenny prison was closed some time ago, and now the historic jail of Kilmainham is to be used no longer as a prison. The convict population of the Saorstat has dwindled from 1,850 in 1914 to 700 at present.

June's First Lame Duck

By JOHN GALSWORTHY
Illustrated by Rex Maxon

THE life of little June Forsyte, until she reached the age of eight, had been spent in superintending the existence of dolls. Not until the Autumn of 1877 did she find a human being whose destiny she could control.

It happened thus. The stables of her grandfather old Jolyon Forsyte's house in Stanhope Gate, where June, and incidentally, her mother, resided with her grandparents, were 'round the corner.

They consisted of two stalls and a loose box occupied by the carriage horses, Brownie and Betty, and by June's pony, Bruce. Above were the three rooms of the coachmen, Betters, his wife, and little daughter, the groom living Heaven knew more precisely where.

One October noon, in her long blue habit, with her spirit and her eyes looking up out of her flaming hair, June was lifted from her pony at the stable door.

"That pony's artful, Miss June; don't you give him more than two carrots, or 'e'll think he can do what 'e likes with you."

"Darling!" said June in a voice strangely deep for a small child. Having given the pony four carrots, she remained standing beside it in the stall, fervently stroking its nose.

In the next stall the groom was hissing while he wisped down Betty, preferred by Betters as a mount to Brownie—"an 'oss that did thet throw you up."

"George, which do you think is the most beautiful, Brownie or Betty?"

The groom jerked his head at the loose box. "That 'oss is the best lookin', Miss June."

"Then I shall give Brownie one carrot and Betty two—it isn't her fault, is it, poor darling?"

Having given the carrots and had her capped head nuzzled, she went out and stood in the yard. Betters had disappeared up the stairway to his rooms, whence a smell of onions indicated that Mrs. Betters, a small, pale, puckered woman, was cooking steak.

The yard was deserted but for a pigeon, towards which June ran, so that the pigeon at once left for the roof. Hurt in her feelings, June had hastily gathered up her tail and was moving toward the house, when 'round the corner came a little girl blubbering into her sleeve.

"Susie Betters, what are you crying for?"

The little girl, who was plain and thin, blubbered the louder.

"They pinched me; they said I was a thief 'cos I only took the top what belonged to me."

She displayed some pinch marks on her arms and some mud stains on her frock.

"Who pinched you?"

"The boys and girls I go to school with."

"Did you pinch them back?"

"Nao."

"Then I will. Horrid little children. Don't cry, Susie. I'll protect you." Susie looked down half a head and her mouth opened.

"We'll go and look for them. I've got my whip. They won't dare touch you again. You aren't brave, are you?"

"Nao," said Susie.

June swished the whip, which had the thickness of the top joint of a fishing rod.

"Come on!"

They went 'round the corner, followed by June's tail. There was no sign of any children.

"We'll go and tell the teacher."

"Nao."

"Why not?"

"They'll larrup me proper, if we do."

"Why don't they like you, Susie? Is is because you're ugly?"

Susie wailed again. "Don't cry. It's not your fault that you're ugly."

Susie wailed the louder.

Several children had suddenly appeared and stood pointing in a somewhat vulgar manner.

June raised her whip. The children nudged each other.

"Ill-bred little children!" said June, quoting from her governess.

One of the boys emitted a piercing whistle.

"Did you pinch little Susie Betters?"

The children laughed in a still more vulgar manner.

"You're dirty little morkins," cried June, "and I'm going to larrup you."

The children gave before the onslaught, skipping sideways with uncouth noises; one of the boys shoved June so that she tripped over her tail, and sprawled, a small blue figure, on the ground.

The children, pinching Susie warmly, yelled in unison, and vanished.

June rose, her habit dirty, her whip gone, her cheeks crimson. Susie was wailing as she had not yet wailed.

"Don't! It's babyish to cry."

"They pinched me again."

"Where?"

"On my be-ase."

"Come with me, and show my Gran," said June. "He'll soon astonish their weak nerves. You shall have my pudding, too. Come on!"

And she dragged the reluctant Susie to the mansion of old Jolyon.

"Francois," said June to the Swiss servant, "this is Susie Betters; she's been pinched, and she's to have my pudding. She isn't brave, so she's not to be frightened. I want my Gran to see her pinches. Come on, Susie!"

Still tugging Susie, she passed into the dining-room.

Old Jolyon, who never went to the city on Saturdays, was in his armchair by the fire, reading The Times and waiting for lunch to be announced. Across the dining-table laid for five, he looked at the two small figures, and his eyes twinkled.

"Well, my dusky, what have you got there?" he said.

"Susie Betters, Gran, she's been pinched. I wanted you to see."

She pulled Susie 'round to the chair, when old Jolyon looked shrewdly at his coachman's daughter.

"H'm!" he said; "you're a thin little toad."

"Yes, she's going to have my pudding. She's too thin altogether, and she's too pale. Her face is dirty, too, but it isn't her fault."

"What's come to your habit?" said old Jolyon. "Did you fall off?"

"Oh! no; I just sat down in the street while I was lerruping those morkins, and they took my whip and ran away."

"H'm. Pretty pair of shoes altogether!"

He stretched out and rang the bell.

"Take this little girl downstairs, Francois, and have her face washed, and give her a good dinner; and tell that page chap to run over and let Betters know she's here. You go and get brushed," he added to June, "before your mother sees you and don't say anything about it."

The two children went out. In the hall June said:

"I want to see her face washed, Francois."

"Veree well, Mees June."

During lunch June fidgeted, with difficulty prevented by old Jolyon's eyes from telling her story.

When her mother and grandmother and governess had withdrawn, she approached her grandfather, who had lighted his after-lunch cigar, and stood between his knees.

"I'm going to be Susie Betters' friend, Gran."

"Oh!" said old Jolyon. "Mite like you—picking up lame ducks."

"Is Susie a lame duck?"

Old Jolyon nodded. "Shouldn't be surprised if they pinched her more than ever now. She looks to me a poor thing."

"Well, I'm going to protect her."

"How?" said old Jolyon, twinkling.

"I shall dare them to pinch her."

"First catch your hare . . ."

"I know," said June, suddenly. "She can do lessons with me, Gran, instead of going to school."

Old Jolyon shook his head.

"That cock won't fight. Coming to the Zoo?"

June clapped her hands, then said at once:

"No. I must look after Susie."

Old Jolyon stared. It was his first introduction to the real nature of his little granddaughter.

"She's a poor timid little stick," he said; "you'll never make anything of her."

When June had gone, he sat contemplating the ash of his cigar.

Children! What things they thought of! What things they thought of! She would learn some day that you couldn't go "protecting" everything you came across. Sooner the better, perhaps! Generous little thing—though; giving up the Zoo like that. Lessons! What would Edith and Fan say to that? Both such good women that you never knew. And old Jolyon sighed.



". . . have her face washed, and give her a good dinner . . . you go and get brushed," he added to June, "before your mother sees you . . ."

"Yes; she's going to have my pudding. She's too thin altogether, and she's too pale. Her face is dirty, too, but it isn't her fault."

If he and his son hadn't married such good women, it might all have turned out very different; and Jo— Well, well! A nap! Just forty winks. And crushing out his cigar, he leaned back with with eyes fixed on "Dutch Fishing Boats at Sunset," and his thin hand with pointed nails depending over the arm of his old chair. A warm-hearted little thing! Lame ducks!

In spite of the misgivings of two good women afraid of the effect on her accent, and the opposition of her governess, too deep for words, June had her way.

Susie Betters, almost unnecessarily clean, sat every morning at the schoolroom table shedding tears over her vowels and aitches. Delivered from pinches, and advanced in all material things, soap, pudding, and frocks, she seemed, at first, to exude as much water per day as ever, for June frequently protected her from the governess.

"You oughtn't to make Susie cry, Miss Pearson, just because she speaks queerly. She doesn't know any better. You can't help it, can you, Susie?"

This protection, indeed, produced as much water as any educational exortations.

Out of school hours June taught Susie every game she knew and some she didn't; instructed her in dressing and undressing dolls; delivered her from the Italian greyhound; helped her to burn her cheeks cooking cocoanut ice and toffee, and prick her fingers sewing at dolls' nightgowns.



"You're dirty little morkins," cried June, "and I'm going to larrup you."

When Susie was put in the corner, June had invariably to be put in the opposite corner—so loyal was she to her "lame duck."

The two good women watched the experiment with equanimity—it would help June not to be selfish. Old Jolyon, with innate sagacity, waited for its inevitable end; he had no belief in "lame ducks."

The end came stealthily with every ounce of weight that Susie Betters put on from the dinners and teas she ate, and every deepening of the contempt which familiarity slowly bred in her.

She had ceased to exude water, her cheeks were becoming pink, and she wore a sky-blue ribbon in her hair no longer unwashed.

In fact she had come to be "twice the child"; and she no longer excited June's compassion. The habit of protection, however, lasted till the middle of November. It vanished in one day.

Susie had a doll, given her by June, which, following the law of compensation—advocated by the then fashionable philosopher, Mr. Emerson—she treated in the manner in which she herself was treated, possessing its soul, placing its body in corners, and harassing it over her knee for its own good.

With the increase of adipose, her treatment of the doll became more and more protective, if not arbitrary. It was not long before this treatment excited June's concern, and the doll began to seem to her a "lame duck."

One Saturday morning when the doll had been whipped and put first in one corner and then in antoher, her feelings became too much for her.

"You oughtn't to treat poor Amy like thet, Susie; it's a shame!"

Susie answered:

"Why not? She's my doll!"

"Well, you shan't!" said June. "So there!"

"I will," said Susie, and promptly turned up the doll's petticoats.

June's eyes grew very blue, her hair seemed to shine.

"If you whip her," she said, "I'll whip you."

Susie laid the doll over her knee.

"Stop!" said June.

"I won't!" said Susie.

June rushed at her. The doll fell to the floor, and the two children struggled.

Susie had so far profited by six weeks of good feeding thet she was the stronger; but she had not June's spirit. The combat, short and sharp, ended with June sitting on her chest.

Susie sobbed, wriggled and scratched. June sat tighter.

"Promise not to whip her any more."

"Shan't!"

"Then I shall sit here till you do."

Susie began to scream. June covered her mouth with her hand. Susie bit it.

The screams had attracted old Jolyon, who was in his dressing-room. The sight, when he entered the room, was precisely that which he had been expecting for some time.

"That'll do," he said. "Get up, June! Now, what's it all about?"

June, who had picked up the doll, stood crimson and defiant. Susie stood whimpering and overawed.

"What's that mark on your hand?" said old Jolyon to his granddaughter.

"She shan't whip Amy," said June, "I won't have it!"

"Did you bite her?" said old Jolyon to Susie. Susie sobbed.

The instinct to protect Susie caused June to saw automatically:

"I began it, because she's not to whip Amy."

Susie blurted:

"I wasn't going to until she told me not."

"That'll do," said old Jolyon. "Give me the doll. Go and get your hand bathed, June. And you," he added to Susie, "go home for dinner."

The children went; Susie, sniffing; June, very red.

Old Jolyon was left with the doll, a furbelowed affair in wax, more inviting to chastisement than china; whose round blue eyes expressed nothing but indifference.

Rum little toads, children! Fancy getting into a fantod over a bit of wax! Well, well—! Another lame duck, he supposed.

He rearranged the doll's petticoats, and his eyes twinkled. There was the end of Susie Betters! And just as well!

Placing the doll on the table, he descended slowly to the dining-room, pondering on the rumness of little toads.

June came to lunch with her hand bound up. She would not eat her pudding, and could be heard whispering to Francois that it was to be saved for Susie.

When told later that Susie was not to come any more, but to go to school again, she was silent; and nobody could tell what she was feeling.

It was the impression of old Jolyon, however, that she was not unhappy. He had always known how it would be.

The last state of Susie Betters was worse than the first. Wild animals that are captured and regain their liberty receive but a poor welcome from their fellows. So with June's past lame duck.

She was soon as pinched, and tearful as ever; but, as June never saw her, she remained in memory as pink and plump, with a sky-blue ribbon, no longer worthy of compassion.

Besides, June had found a new lame duck, an organ-grinder's wife, with a baby in her arms.

THE HAMMER

By George F. Worts

WITH his coat collar turned up about his neck, his shoulders hunched together to offer less resistance to the raw wind, John Tupper trudged away from the hospital. A stout man in sterile white seemed to keep step with him. His voice was as crisp as tearing silk:

"She can't live without an operation. Dr. Enderling is the only surgeon who can do it properly. His fee will be $1,000. Afterward you must get her away from this climate. South. Three or four months in Florida. Let me know in the morning."

A thousand dollars! Three or four months in the South! John Tupper could rattle his wealth in one hand—all that remained from the sale of his overcoat. Jobless and friendless, where was he to find $1,000 and the cost of three or four months in the South?

The street, as he plodded on, became a sodden expanse of splintered planking which covered an enormous trench being gouged out of mud and rock. With a heavy hammer a man was pounding something that resembled a human skull. Each time the hammer fell John Tupper's head hurt. It was as if his skull were under the swinging hammer, and the man swinging it were the demon of hard luck. He had been under thet hammer so long thet his brain was numb. A thousand dollars! Three or four months in the South!

John Tupper was proceeding aimlessly along a dark street. A strange light like a halo was coming.

It was a silk hat, carrying on its crown the dancing reflection of a street light. A man in black, wearing a silk hat, was walking toward him. John Tupper thought. "If I had a gun——" As the man lit a cigarette something small and white fluttered from his clothes. John Tupper picked it up. It was a card of admission to the auction sale of the late Horatius M. Bibney's collection of paintings, to be held that night at the Art Auction Galleries. . . . It would be warm there.

The sale was in progress when John presented the card to a doorman and was directed to the auction room. It resembled a small theatre. There was a lighted stage and an audience of smartly dressed men and women. Diamonds sparkled; pearls glowed. A handsome grey-haired man at the left of the stage was speaking in a firm, cultured voice. John, as he sat down in the rear, saw thet everyone was gazing at a small painting in a gilt frame which reposed on an easel in the centre of the stage. A tall negro, in the grey uniform of the gallery, stood in the aisle with his back to the stage. With sharp, black eyes he was watching the people near John. One of them said "Ten thousand" in a whisper, and the negro shouted "Ten thousand."

The painting sold for $28,000. Attendants removed it and placed another small painting on the easel. Voices barked out all over the room. Sometimes bidders only nodded to the negro, or raised their eyebrows, or wiggled a finger, and he, expertly interpreting the gesture, would shout a higher bid. When a painting was sold, the grey-haired man struck his desk with a hammer. It was not like the hammer the subway worker had used. That had been a crude, heavy tool. This was a dainty ivory ornament. It came down, not with a clang, but with a tap.

But it hurt John's head just as much. It presently hurt even more. Each time the little ivory hammer came down, some well-groomed person had spent a fortune for a fraction of which John could have bought life and health for his wife.

The tapping of the ivory hammer seemed to become louder and louder. Now it was louder than a sledge hammer. It filled the room with reverberations. It made the building tremble. John placed his hands to his throbbing temples. A thousand dollars! Three or four months in the South!

Polite applause crackled over the room as a larger painting was displayed. It was evidently a painting of importance. The grey-haired man spoke reverently of its authenticity, its rarity.

The bidding began at $25,000 and went by leaps up to $50,000, to $75,000—$75,000 for a square of canvas with a little bright paint on it! John waited in dread for the thunder of the hammer. The bidding narrowed to a duel between a man who sat near John and one who sat in front. The voice of the negro took on a curious ferocity. From $90,000 the bids advanced showly, a thousand at a time. At $90,000 came a pause.

John's throat ached. His resentment grew. Bitterly he said to himself: "It isn't fair, her lying there, dying, because we have no money—and that selling for almost $100,000." His fists were clenched in desperation. His eyes were bright with agony. He was unaware that the watchful eyes of the negro were on his face. His resentment, as he stared at the painting, became uncontrollable. Angrily he exclaimed. "A hundred thousand dollars!"

And the negro triumphantly shouted: "One hundred thousand dollars!" An excited murmuring rippled through the room.

"I have one hundred thousand!" called the grey-haired man. "Do I hear one hundred thousand and one?"

John tried to cry out that it was a mistake, but his tongue only rattled in his mouth. "Do I hear one?" The grey-haired man paused again. John rose halfway out of his chair. He lifted his hand in a feeble, protesting gesture. "Going for one hundred thousand . . . Going for one hundred thousand! Last call!" A husky sound came from John's lips. No one noticed him. Everyone was looking at the hammer. "Fair warning!" the auctioneer cried. The hammer came up. John started to tremble. The world would tremble when thet hammer came down. It would be the last blow of all, for it would send him to jail. "At $100,000 . . . Sold!" And the ivory hammer came down.

A woman in front of John, a white-haired woman whose ears were frosty with diamonds, turned and smiled at him. People all about him were craning their necks. John was cold with terror. With less than one dollar in the world, he had purchased a painting for $100,-000! The negro, with an air of deference, was handing him a small buff card and a pencil. Black type swam and became readable. Name—Catalogue number— Deposit— Price—

In a moment they would have him arrested. Too late it occurred to him that he might have persuaded Dr. Enderling to wait a little while for his fee; thet he might somehow have managed to send his wife South. In a cell he would be helpless—a victim of the slow machinery of justice. That falling hammer had dealt him the finishing blow.

He heard a voice say, "There he is! Right over there!" And a stout little man in a wet overcoat came trotting over and began talking to John in a low, excited voice. Bewildering words fell upon John's ears.

". . . Too late to bid on that Rembrandt. . . . Hammer came down just as I walked in. . . . Governor Fowler delegated me to buy it for him. . . . Ten thousand dollars. . . . Take it off your hands."

John huskily echoed: "Ten—thousand—dollars?"

"It's fair!" the little man cried. "It's the usual 10 per cent. You'll take it? How shall I make out the cheque?"

Terrified fare (in runaway taxi)—Good heavens! D-do you think we'll hit anything?

Driver (fervently)—I hope so, sir. This road goes over a cliff a little farther on.

The Dark Hour

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ELLEN walked for'ard on the promenade deck to her favorite vantage point, the wind-swept corner beneath the bridge, where she could gaze over the bow of the ship and feast her eyes on the unflecked sky and the surging waters of the gulf.

The lazy quiet of the mid-afternoon pervaded the neat little, trim fruit-and-passenger liner as it ploughed steadily on toward the palm-fringed shores of Cuba.

Ellen stared off toward the horizon. Somewhere beyond lay luxurious Cuba—and happiness. Somewhere in the old world romantic fastness of Havana Macklin Garrison waited for her. No doubt he had already bought the marriage licence—and certainly he had the tickets for their honeymoon trip across the Spanish Main.

Ellen was superbly happy, yet in her eyes lurked the light of olden bitterness and inescapable memory. There had been no honeymoon with her first husband, and little in their brief married life which was not sordid and bitter. They had been desperately poor, and David indifferent. The report of his death in a railroad wreck had been a shock rather than a grief . . . and on the ashes of her first dreary romance she had reconstructed her ideals of happiness.

She felt a pair of eyes boring into her. Her eyes responded and rested upon a group of sailors lounging on the cargo hatch midway between the stem of the ship and the gleaming superstructure. And then she noticed one sailor in particular, a man tall and broad, clad in dungarees, shirt open at the throat, straw-colored hair tossed by the wind.

Her figure grew tense. She did not immediately realize that her future had crumbled in this single revealing instant. All that she understood was that her husband was not dead—that he stood facing her from the cargo hatchway, a sailor aboard this ship. It was like David . . . thoughtless, indifferent.

Her eyes were hostile. "And you would have permitted me to become a bigamist?"

"A bigamist."

"Yes. They reported you dead. Your body was identified. I heard nothing from you. And now I am on my way to Havana to marry Macklin Garrison."

He winced imperceptibly. "Garrison? I remember him. A fine chap, Ellen. He hesitated. "You love him?"

"Yes."

"I am glad. He is the right sort. Not a lazy ne'er-do-well like myself. He would never have gone for years—this way—without letting you know."

"Why didn't you, David?"

"I intended never to. I loved you too well to live with you when I knew you didn't love me. I'm not the sort of man for you."

"Oh, David! Can't you see that you haven't changed? Can't you see what you have done for me?"

"Why, Ellen——"

"I can't marry Macklin now. I am not a widow—I am a married woman. There must be divorce—publicity—delay."

"Would it have made any difference?"

"Of course . . . But not with us. You knew thet our love was dead. You understood that I was merely loyal. You weren't meant to be married."

"You—you couldn't go ahead with Garrison—and simply say nothing?"

"Don't be absurd. Commit bigamy? No. I shall have to tell him. Then will come my return to the States and the grim, forbidding divorce courts. I am so glad and so sorry . . . As usual, David, you haven't meant to hurt me, and, as usual, you have hurt me."

He stared at her through pain-filled eyes. "I wouldn't do anything to hurt you, Ellen. I'm no good. But I have always loved you. I wonder . . ."

"What?"

"If you won't talk to me again in the morning? We'll reach Havana about noon. And meanwhile, don't be afraid. I signed on under the name of Jansen. Jansen is the only name I'm known by."

She promised—then sought her stateroom. She ate a scant dinner there, and later, when sleep would not come, she took an anodyne and knew nothing more until the morning.

When she went for'ard on the promenade next morning the faint blue skyline of Cuba was faintly discernible. And as she stood looking for her husband a figure joined her, resplendent in white and gold, the captain—a hearty, tactless person, who said:

"Didn't see you at dinner last night."

"No. I wasn't feeling well. I took an anodyne—and slept."

"Ill, eh? Too bad. At any rate, it's just as well you weren't on deck last night. Deucedly unpleasant thing happened. One of the sailors went overboard. Man named Jansen."

Captain "Steve"—Skyrocket of the North

By A. A. GILLESPIE

FROM the time that he first entered the flying game a few months prior to the war until he went to the Yukon, Captain "Tommy" Stephens had never experienced a severe crash. It is true that while flying in the R. A. F. he wes shot down by Turkish guns in Mesopotamia and had his engine blown off his ship from in front of his very eyes, but somehow a lucky star always seemed to hover over the flying career of Captain "Steve."

A British plane dived down from the shell-rocked heavens, landed alongside of the crippled seaplane and before the very muzzles of the hostile Turkish guns Steve wrapped his arms around the neck of the "buddy" pilot in the little one-seater scouting plane and in another hour was safely settled in his own base nursing a badly-shattered leg, but happy to be alive.

Memories of war days and his exciting bettles above the clouds faded dimly into the past as commercial aviation became an institution, and the former war ace turned his activities to flying through the peeceful eir-lanes of Canadian skies. Quickly his hours rolled up, 1,000, 1,500, 1,800. Flying was going over big in the East and it was not long before Captain "Tommy" Stephens found himself piloting commercial planes as a steady means of livelihood. That was back in Quebec, where the skies are not alwaye full of sunshine, nor are the duties of a commercial flier all confined to "sitting pretty" behind the controls of a swiftly-moving mail or passenger plane.

Then came the call of the North and the opening up of a new and thrilling career for the tall, quiet, brown-eyed aviator of the East. The "Queen of the Yukon," the first aeroplane ever to be operated in the Canadian North by the Yukon Airways & Exploration Company, had cracked up under the strain of the frigid temperature of the northland. Its former pilot had left for the outside following a dispute with officials of the company, end if aviation was to be given e fair trial in the unconquered gold land e new pilot was needed at once.

It was a tired and footsore young flier who landed in the little silver metropolis of Mayo, Y.T., one cold February evening after the long and tedious overland journey from Whitehorse, the last lap of his longer journey from Quebec, to take over his new duties as a pilot in the Yukon for the pioneer aviation company. Followed many deys of nursing frost-bitten toes and blistered heels—the inevitable initiation of "Cheechakos" in general on their first trip into the snowland. Then came many days of work, hard work with home-made tools, tearing apart and rebuilding an engine whose mechanical lungs had fallen victim to the frost king.

It was no child's play; only an expert mechanic could have tackled such a task and won. But that's exactly what Steve did, and it was not long after the final cylinder had been tested before the Yukon's new flier was roaring down a snow-parked runway to take his newly-conditioned ship on its first test flight.

How the newcomer could fly! Higher and higher he seemed to climb into the cold blue skies until the big, silved-tinted plane became but a tiny speck focused against a mighty vault of space. Weeks passed quickly, profitable weeks for the Yukon Airways, for once again their expensive plane was soaring through the air-lanes of the North, carrying passengers into former inaccessibe places, conveying mail through the main centres in the interior and all in all inspiring confidence and a new spirit of air-mindedness into the people of the northern realm.

Then came the fateful day when Steve's lucky star blinked with a fickle lash as the cool-headed young aviator swooped down into an ugly cross-wind on a faulty field. The day before he had taken off from the treacherous and honeycombed ice sheet in front of Dawson, a dangerous stunt in itself, for a few days later the big stream cracked its shackles of Winter and with a terrific groaning heave swept on to the Bering Sea, while the ski marks of Steve's ship were still visible in the slushy surface of the ice. He had flown to Mayo that day, 120 miles away, to the base of the Yukon Airweys Company and had slipped the big monoplane into the hangar for the night.





"Queen of the Yukon," the First Plane to Operete in the Yukon, Cerrying Mail and Passengers between Dawson, Mayo and Whitehoree

Bright and early the next morning before the climbing sun had started to eat away the remaining crust of Winter, the northern flier had replaced his skis with wheels and efter a mad rush down a field of ice and slush had taken off for Whitehorse, 220 miles away by airline.

His wife and another Mayo woman eccompanied him as passengers. Two and a half hours later the beautiful chip circled down upon the sleepy little town of Whitehorse nd Steve attempted to lend on the only field that Whitehorse boasted at thet time—a squatty, narrow, improvised runwey located on a ridge behind the town. There was a sharp cross-wind blowing which frustrated his first attempt to land with the length of the field in his favor.

On his second attempt he sideslipped down to make a diagonal cross-field landing. Everything seemed fine, another second and the wheels of the big ship would have cleared the tall trees which banked the field, and ell would have been well. Seconds, as all good pilots know, mean life and death, when a large plane is nosing it at e speed of fifty-five miles an hour.

The badly needed second failed Steve on this occasion, however, for his machine hit an ugly air pocket, dropped helpless, end before pilot or passengers knew whet had happened one of the wings had wrapped itself around a jagged spruce tree and the plane dropped like a rock to the ground. Fortunately, or perhaps again it was Steve's lucky star still guarding his destiny, e small truck which had been left parked near the edge of the clearing came in the path of the falling plane and broke the force of its fall.

In that one fell stroke of ill-fortune the famous "Queen of the Yukon" dug her nose into the dirt and like a crippled eagle with broken legs and shattered wings breathed her last breath. Nearby spectators of the tragedy pulled Steve out from the mangled fuselage first. He had received only e few minor bruises in the crash. His wife had suffered a broken wrist, while the other lady passenger had received nasty cuts about the head, but—they were all alive.

Celmly the tall, even-tempered flier lit e cigarette as he gazed dejectedly at the crumpled wreckege in front of him. It remained for Phyllis, his devoted wife, to express the emotions thet those sad seconds held. She began to cry, not at her injuries—they meant nothing—but the battered plane, the ill-fortune just when ekies were looking clear, it was too much. Her husband's career, his ambition and her ambitions were wrapped up in that single plane for which ha had worked and struggled. And, worst, of all, it was the only plane in the Yukon et that time.

In the weeks that followed commercial aviation in the Yukon again sank into the gloomy background

Overcoming Apparent Defeat

AS far as the new eviator was concerned, it had not been his fault, and furthermore it had only been on eccount of his cool skill and piloting, even in such a perilous predicament, that had saved his own life, that of his wife and the other lady passenger. The odds had been against him on that poorly-constructed field. Gradually the people of the northlend began to realize tha necessity of proper landing facilities and it was not long before some of the more optimistic ones began to visuelize enother plane and e fresh start for commercial aviation in the Yukon.

In the meantime the situation looked enything but bright for the young Eastern flier Thoughts of spending the following long, ledious weeks in Whitehorse, awaiting the arrival of a new ship from the "outside," were not pleasant ones. Despite the fect that through his efforts the Yukon Airweys Company had again been eble to crawl to its feet, the new success had been so short lived in a sense of the word thet the funds were not at a very high mark.

All the quiet-miened young airman could eee staring him in the face was defeat, sickly defeat against the grim and silent North. The realisation of the sudden ending of his great adventure in the Yukon palled npon him and would have broken the spirit of many a less stout-hearted man.

Men of the courege end persistence of Steve, though, are not likely to be left in distress very long. Just when the situation was looking hopeless a new champion of eviation eppeared on the scene in the person of Livingston Wernecke, general superintendent for the Treadwell Yukon Company, the largest hard-rock mining concern in the entire northland

"I can use a plane up here," confided the mining magnate. "I can use it for exploration work, for tracing out new mineral fields from the air."

He was also considering his mail and the mail for the large Treadwell Yukon camp.

"How opportune it would be if mail arriving in Skagway from the outside could be brought over to the base of the company's operations at Keno and Mayo the same dey," he thought.

"And the trips that he could make throughout the country—the saving of time."

And time meant money to Mr. Wernecke.

Pilot Stephens was immediately re-engaged and instructed to go ahead with the plans for the purchase of the plane thet he thought best fitted for the country.

Again Steve's lucky star was twinkling brightly above the career of the young aviator.

Before the Autumn leaves began to fall a brand-new, all-purpose cabin monoplane was on its way to the Yukon. After much difficulty in bringing the new monster ship across the mountains from Skagway to Whitehorse on flat cars the new machine was assembled at Carcross, fitted with pontoons, and after its first test-flight flown to Dewson. The plane was powered with a 400-horsepower engine and especially fitted for Winter flying. Again the femiliar figure of the human skyrocket was visible, blazing new trails through the air-lanes of the North. Aviation had launched its third bettle against the grim and relentless forces of the big, broad land up yonder

If ill-fortune had been the cause of Steve's first bed smash in his long flying career, good fortune backed his second geme ettack egainst the sky trails of the Yukon

Northern Flying Practicable

SINCE his first flight in the north country he has covered 30,000 miles of tractless skies, has added some 350 hours to a former enviable record of 2,000 hours in the eir and has blezed e niche for aviation in one of the most hazardous flying countries in the world.

Nor is thet all. During the Winter the intrepid birdman carried 12,000 pounds of mail, 8,000 pounds of express and a total of thirty-five passengers between far distant points in the interior of the snow country. Incoming mail which reached Skagway arrived in Dawson and Mayo within one or two days from its arrival. Outgoing letters from shut-in points reached coast points within a week from the date of their dispatch, thereby creating new records for mail transportation in the Yukon.

Passengers enjoyed the comfort of a cosy, heated enclosed cabin while being whirled in the course of a few hours aver long distances which formerly would have taken days and weeks. What a comparison between the old method, riding on top of cold, heavily-laden sleighs or caterpillars, sleeping and eating in cremped quarters in roadhouses along the Winter trail, suffering from cold and storm.

The old order has chenged in the Yukon, thenks to Captain Stephens, the exponent of aviation.

Yukoners no longer look dubiously at flying as a reckless uncertain means of transportation. For Steve has won back their confidence, has proved to them the edvantages of air transportation.

Don't think for a minute, though, that this Canadian ace who has established flying in the Yukon hee had a soft snap. On the contrary. The Yukon territory is a vast, white wilderness land during the Winter monthe, and on many occasions Steve was forced through weather thet dropped to forty or fifty degrees below zero. It is corrugated with high, jagged mountain ranges over which e flier must climb very cautiously during e blinding snowstorm or in foggy weather.

On one trip last Winter between Mayo and Whitehorse, a distance of 220 miles, which ordinerily took him ebout two hours and ten minutes, he ran into a blinding snowstorm and was forced to remain eloft and fight the storm for four hours and thirty minutes. He and the lady passenger which he was carrying were both mighty glad to lend after that gruelling experience in the frost-chilled skies. On another flight a giant eagle attacked the plane from the bow while Steve was high ebove a saw-tooth mountain range, and it was only by clever hendling of his machine and by some "tail" flying that the aviator was eventually eble to elude his winged attacker which clung to him for fully half an hour.

A short time ago, at the close of his Winter flying contract, Captain Stephens and his charming little wife left the North on a well-earned holiday. It is not likely that they will ever go heck as Steve is interested in a mining concern in Northern Ontario and during the next several months following his vacation will pilot a plane through the sky lanes of the Northern Ontario goldfields on special exploration work.

But whether he ever returns North or not this intrepid air viking will alwaye be remembered by the residents of the gold land as the "humen skyrocket" who put commercial aviation on the map as far as the Yukon district is concerned.

Soviet Court Avenges Death of Atheist Poet

NINE mullahs have been condemned to death, seventeen persons imprisoned and nineteen sentenced to permenent exile by the Soviet court in Samarkand, Turkestan, for killing e poet named Hakim Zade. Hakim Zade was e former Mohamedan, who renounced his religion and began to preach Atheism and Socialism on behalf of the Soviet authorities He volunteered to invade the secred Moslem city of Shachi Mardan, where the prophet Shachi Mardan was entombed in 1400 A.D., end where the influence of the mullahs was strongest. Thousands of pilgrims visit the city in which Hakim Zade worked untiringly in his efforts to persuade women to throw off their veils and disobey other religious orders. The mullahs, whose wrath was thus aroused, led a band to the market place where Hakim Zade was preaching, seized him, murdered him, and caused him to be drawn and quartered.

Old Salt Mine Still Operating in Ontario

A SALT mine at Goderich, Ont., on the shore of Lake Huron, has a long record of production. From a depth of more than 1,200 feet brine has been pumped from a pool at the rate of fifty gallons a minute for fifty-seven years. It is believed thet the salt beds were formed ages ago between two thick layers of limestone, and that the water from the Great Lakes seeped into it, thus creating a seemingly inexhaustible pool. The pool, it is estimated, is seventy-five feet deep, with the fresher water at the top, which makes necessary the pumping of the thicker brine from the bottom of the pool. By a rather primitive process the brine is transformed into salt. The fluid is pumped into a large shallow vat beneath which several furnaces are kept steadily burning. The salt left after the water has been evaporated is periodically scraped off and, being free from impurities, is ready for sale as coarse salt.

EPIC DRAMAS OF THE SEAS

A Series of Articles of High Adventure and Sometimes Tragedy Written by Lieut.-Commander L. G. Griffiths, R.N.

The Historic Wreck of the Grosvenor

ONE of the greatest factors in the building op of the British Empire we know today has been the self-sacrifice of its sons. During the past two centuries, the pioneers of imperial expansion have pursued their eim undaunted by the cost of life, material and energy. Lying secure in the bosom of the deep are the solutions of many mysterious disappearances of hardy pioneers and the vessels in which they traveled to fulfill their missions. The true narratives of some of these will never be unfolded to the public; but the ocean bed has forfeited its right to others, emong which is the tale of the wreck of the Grosvenor nearly one hundred end fifty years ago

This East Indianmen, sailed from Trincomali, Ceylon, on June 13, 1782, homeward bound She carried a general cargo and a number of passengers, including many women and children. With a fair wind blowing from the northwest, the voyage hed been ideal up to the beginning of August.

Suddenly, on the third of the month, while still in the Indien Ocean, the wind backed to the southwest, whence a gale sprang up and it became exceptionally squally. Under reefed sails and with no canvas on the main, because the mainmast had come down in a previous gale, Captain Coxson wae under the impression that he was at least a hundred leagues from the shore in latitude twenty-eight degrees south.

The Officer's Mistake

AT half-past three on the following morning, a seaman named Lewis was aloft furling the sails when he saw land looming ahead out of the darkness He immediately reported it to the third officer who was then on watch, but the officer was sceptical. He stated definitely that it was only the reflection of the sky. So Lewis continued his work aloft; but meanwhile, other seamen saw the land which they were so rapidly epproaching The officer of the watch refused to alter course and "go about," so one of the seamen called the captain who rushed out of his cabin but, alas —too late.

The captain ordered the helm "herd-e'-port," end gave the necessary commands for "wearing ship," getting her head away from the wind and bringing her round on to the port teck to run into safety.

It was only a matter of seconds before there was e grinding bump, for the vessel had run hard on to the sandy shore. All hands were called, and great activity prevailed, but since the holds were intact, and only the powder magazine right forward was flooded, there was no need to abandon ship.

Daybreak seemed to bring better luck, for the wind veered round, and blew from off-shore. The opportunity was seized and the fore-top-sail was hoisted in order to back the ship off This certeinly had the effect of blowing the ship's head off, but, unfortunately, it sent the stern herd on to the rocks.

Matters were then more serious. The rollers lifted her bodily, and bumped the wooden hull time and time egain on to the jagged rocks, forcing hole after hole into the bottom. The holds were rapidly flooding and, in spite of the strenuous efforts at the pumps, the level of water was rapidly increasing. The water was gaining so fast that they next cut away the masts and prepared to abandon ship.

Boats Smashed to Atoms

BOTH boats, the yawl and the "jolly boat" were lowered but the surf was too much for them—they were stove in and smashed to atoms on the rocks. A raft, held together by a large hawser, was then constructed. The rope broke, however, and the pieces of the raft washed ashore with four of the crew, of whom only one was alive.

By this time, large numbers of natives had assembled on the beach to witness this most unusual sight. They were amazed at seeing three men on the wreck dive into the sea with a lead-line. One of these was drowned, but the other two who were Lascars, gained the shore A heavier rope was then bent on to the lead-line, and with the assistance of the natives, it was pulled ashore, hauled taut end made fast to a large peak-shaped rock.

Many, more especially the crew, gained the shore by pulling themselves along on this rope but, owing to its slackening, nine were washed ewey and drowned, while another half-dozen came to grief in other ways, all of them being dashed egainst the rocks One boy, a passenger, was wrested off by the force of the seas and a very plucky rescue wes effected by one of the crew who, at great personal risk, ewam out, after being severely injured, to save him.

Ship Breaks Up

BY noon the tragedy seemingly reached its climax when the ship started to break up The timbers of the fore part could no longer withstand the continual buffeting and were carried away. There were still about a hundred souls on board the wreck, including tha women and children who were crowded on the starboard quarter. About an hour later, the ship broke in two by the mainmast and the breakers were battering the remnants to pieces.

Suddenly, the whole of tha side on the starboard quarter parted, fell on to the surface of the water, and all those in that part of the ship were flung on to it. Fortunately, the wreck itself made e lee for this God-sent, extempore raft, and they were soon blown into smooth water inshore. Others, who were in the fore-part, managed to get ashore on rafts. Only one remained aboard left to his fate, for he wae helpless and none would help the cook'e drunken negro mate.

The natives were quite friendly but of little assistance. Pieces of iron appealed to them more then anything, and these they would steal, and run away inland to hide them. Luckily, there was no shortage of fresh water, for many streams ran in the crevices between the rocks A tent made of the mizzen topsail was rigged up for the women, and later, another tent was pitched for them.

Tools and timber was not lacking, and, by way of defence, there were six cutlasses and several firearms, but no gunpowder. There were sufficient provisions for eight or nine days, and the captain, who by this time had verified his position on the Netal Coast, reckoned to reach Capetown by trekking in sixteen or seventeen days, although he expressed a hope that it would not take more than ten days.

So, on the third day, the whole party, except two, started on their long and perilous journey, little expecting to meet with such hardships and privations as were destined for them.

Perhaps, after all, John Bryan, a lame passenger, and Joshua Glover, were better off left to their fate by the wreck than were their former companions.

The Trek to Safety

THE party of survivors continually came in contact with tribes of hostile natives, and even the friendly ones usually refused to give food unless some articles, such ae buttons, were given in exchange. The provisions were soon exhausted and such food as dead whale, almost putrid from exposure to the sun, was looked upon as a luxury. Some of the party were so hungry thet, on one occasion, they removed their footwear of crudely cut bullock hide, scorched the hairs, boiled the skin and ate it. Disease, poisoning and lack of water claimed many victims, and others became the playthings of wild beasts.

By this time, the food question had become so acute that the trekkers decided to split up into smaller parties of half a dozen or so. And this decision was not reached within the first ten or even seventeen days. In actual fact, it was one hundred and seventeen days before the first six survivors obtained their deliverance by locating a Dutch farm 400 miles from Capetown.

Subsequently, a search party of 100 Europeans and 300 Hottentots was equipped and sent out under the guidance of two of the survivors, but of the 139 passengers and crew only three Europeans, seven Lascars and two black servants were found. There is reason to believe that many perished at the hands of the hostile tribes while many of the women were forced into marriage with them.

Today, a small mushroom town has sprung up near the scene of the disaster, and its inhabitants are engaged in salvage work on the wreck of the old East Indiaman Grosvenor after all these years.

Over $1,000,000 Cash Distributed Among Employees

MORE than $1,000,000 in cash has just been bestowed upon 235 employees of L. Bamberger & Co., when Mr. Bamberger, retiring president of the company, took this wey of recognizing the services of men and women who had been in the employ of the company for fifteen years or more. It had been known a month previously, when the sale of L. Bamberger & Company to R. H. Macy & Company was announced that Mr. Bamberger would "liquidate his obligations" to his veteran employees, although they were to keep their positions under the new management. The firm has had no general pension policy, and Mr. Bamberger had considered a plan of annuities. In the end he let the recipients choose between these and cash. The unanimous decision was for the latter. Individual gifts ranged from $2,000 to $20,000, it was said.

Love's Labor Lost

HE did not marry her because—

She was invariably delighted to see him.

She gave up smoking for his sake

She never contradicted him.

She elways showed tactful consideration for his pocket when they were out together

She frequently averred that he was the only man sha had ever known who really understood her.

She laughed mirrily at his feeblest witticisms.

She had a husband who agreed too readily to the question of divorce.

Mile-High Railway

Do you like mountaineering by means of railways? If so, you will be glad to hear you have now another mountain to conquer. It is the Nebelhorn, 7,300 feet above sea-level, in the Bavarian Alps. The Nebelhorn cable railway is over three miles in length end will be the longest suspension railway in the world. The longest span between two supporting pillars is about 5,200 feet.

Lord Queenborough Did Not Ask Favors in Woolly West

LORD Queenborough, who is at present touring Canada in the interest of the small British investor, is one of the few interesting personalities from the glorious close of the last century in England.



LORD QUEENBOROUGH

As a member of the Paget family, the head of which is the Marquess of Anglesey, which has been famous in English history since the sixteenth century, Lord Queenborough, in his youth Almeric Hugh Paget, chose an adventurous career rather than enter one of the numerous safe niches which his name and connections afforded him.

Over forty years ago he went to the wildest and most adventurous place he could think of, the American West. He arrived in Montana before the railway to the Pacific Coast was completed and drove 200 miles in a buggy over the bald prairie to the ranch where he was to work.

As soon as Lord Queenborough set foot on Canadian soil memories began to reawaken of that gay and careless time. He said to an interviewer: "I remember as if it were yesterday my arrival on the Montana ranch. It happened that the cowboys were holding a race, a 100-yard dash on foot, the very day I arrived. They were not used to running and their muscles had become stiff from being in the saddle all day long for many years, so I won that race very easily. It immediately put me on a good footing with the cowboys and when we rode into Mile City that night for a celebration our crowd met the cowboys of another ranch and immediately began to brag that they had a runner in their outfit whom no one could beat. A bet was quickly made and the race was to take place there and then. Someone suggested that a flat race was not sufficiently exciting and put forward the idea of a hurdle race.

"This idea was adopted with acclamation and a course was set in the only street of the town, the hurdles consisting of furniture out of the only hotel. Twenty cowboys with heavy boots and spurs dashed at the hurdles and there was many a spill. Near the end of the race my spur caught in a sofa and I went headlong, with my nose on the ground. I thought I had lost the race, but the spectators urged me to go and I picked myself up to continue. Much to my surprise I came in first notwithstanding my spill," he said.

Lord Queenborough's eye glistened when he was told of the Calgary stampede, where the rituals of the Wild West days are observed once a year. "I must see that before I die," he said. He earned an enviable reputation among the cowboys in the region for his skill in subduing steers and throwing the lariat. When civilization finally conquered these regions the West lost its glamor for him, and he turned his attention to business. First in western cities and later in New York he became a successful business man. But the New World could not hold his interest for good and in 1901 he returned to England to take up politics. He sat in the House of Commons from 1910 to 1917 for Cambridge and in 1918 was raised to the peerage in recognition of political services during the war.

He did not neglect his American business ventures. He became the president of the Chihuahua and Pacific Railway in Mexico and a director of many important American business enterprises.

In recent years Lord Queenborough turned his attention to Canada. He became identified with a group of British and Canadian financiers who are attempting to stimulate the interest of the small British investor in Canadian securities.

Trooper Did Not Value Churchill's Life So Very Much

A GOOD many of the numerous yarns being told about the Right Honorable Winston Churchill, who was a recent visitor in Victoria, relate to the supposedly high regard he has even from boyhood entertained for himself. Even when he was a war correspondent in South Africa just after Oom Paul had thrown down the gauntlet to the British Empire, Churchill's self-esteem is reputed to have been Napoleonic.

But whatever his defects, those who knew him in South African days declare without reserve that young Churchill was no coward. Indeed, though a newspaper man and a supposed non-combatant, he naturally gravitated to the firing line, and ultimately was attached in a semi-military capacity to the South African Light Horse, a particularly fine body of irregulars more familiarly known in those days as "Cockyollibirds."

In this capacity he took part in a hot skirmish near Dewetsdorp. His saddle-girth was shot through, his horse bolted and threw him, and Churchill found himself, armed with only a revolver, close to a Boer detachment.

His retreat from thence was swift and strategic, but the Boer pursuit was even swifter. Churchill, having spent some weeks in prison camp at Pretoria, had no yearning for a return visit, but he felt it imminent.

Right then a British trooper rode past. Churchill hailed him.

The man halted, and Churchill climbed up behind him, gripping the horse's mane around the trooper's body to steady himself. A fusillade of Boer bullets came speeding after them. The horse was hit, but gallantly staggered on till it bore its double burden to a place of safety.

Then the animal collapsed.

The trooper wept and then swore and then wept again. Churchill sought to console him.

"Never mind," he urged; "you've saved my life."

"What's that amount to?" snorted the bereaved trooper, savagely. "I'm thinking about the poor horse."

Aged Missionary Still Active

INDIANS dressed only in the skins of wild animals. Red men who were thorough savages and made war on the whites. Miles and miles of desolate country where nomadic tribes wandered. None of the comforts of the most northerly trading post of today.

That was the task which confronted Adrian Gabriel Morice in British Columbia half a century ago, while Father Morice conducted the mission at Lac Lahache on the Cariboo wagon road. That is the scene he looks back on today with happy memories and thoughts of a job well done. For Father Morice is still alive, but his long beard is turning white and he is in his seventieth year. Today he claims that he is the only living missionary who has seen the Indians at their wildest, the red man garbed in blankets and skins, the aborigines who on rare occasions killed the white man in savage frenzy.

Like the cloistered monks of past centuries, Rev. Father A. G. Morice, O.M.I., now residing in Winnipeg, Manitoba, is one of the original intellectuals of the West. He is or has been anthropologist, missionary, author, musician, lecturer, publisher, newspaper editor, photographer, stenographer, lexicographer, explorer and cartographer—in short, "jack-of-all-trades."

Father Morice has many claims to fame. The greatest marks of success in his own estimation are. He was the first bachelor of arts and the first master of arts of the University of Saskatchewan; he has been admitted without payment into at least a dozen scientific societies; by a unanimous vote he was made the first honorary member of the Royal Canadian Institute; his great four-volume "History of the Catholic Church in Western Canada" was crowned by the French Academy; and he was awarded a silver medal by the Geographic Society of Paris for a map of British Columbia he made in the early days. This last award came to him as a complete surprise as he had not even sent the society a copy of the map.

But the aged priest will soon have another accomplishment to add to his "jobs well done." He is now finishing what he calls "the greatest work of my life." It is a huge dictionary and grammar of the languages and dialects of the Indian tribes along the Pacific coast. The book is soon to be published and will have about 800 pages and cost nearly $6,000 to print. The combined grammar and dictionary is arranged in a unique style, one that he devised himself for the use of the Indians. Like Thomas Carlyle, who lost his only copy of "The French Revolution" when a servant girl started a fire with the manuscript, this Canadian historian and lexicographer also suffered a terrible loss by fire. Father Morice prepared an Indian-English dictionary some years ago which took thirteen years to complete and his only copy was destroyed in a fire at Duck Lake, Saskatchewan.



Rev. Father Morica, O.M.I.

Indian dialects, according to Father Morice, are the most difficult in the world to master. In the language of one of the British Columbia tribes the verb "to put" has 100,000 synonyms. He states that he actually tabulated 60,000 of these and that he is sure there are 40,000 more.

It was forty-nine years ago that Father Morice went as a missionary to the Indians of the Interior of British Columbia from his birthplace in Mayenne, France. He was born there just seventy years ago, on August 27, 1859. Victoria, B.C., when Father Morice arrived there, was a little village of a few hundred inhabitants. As there was no transcontinental railroad across Canada in those days the trip to Victoria had to be made by boat from San Francisco.

For a quarter of a century the priest worked among the Indians, carrying Christianity to the wild Chilcotin tribe, teaching them to read and write by means of hieroglyphic language called the Dene Syllabary which he invented himself, and doing countless tasks to improve their manner of living. He even had a printing press out from Montreal on which he printed books and newspapers in the new tongue he devised.

Father Morice came close to losing his life several times when savage tribes threatened him with death if he continued his work. That was in the early days among them when the Indians, particularly the wild Chilcotins, objected to the inroads of the white man. The priest knew their threats were not idle ones as whites had been killed by the redmen a short time before. He persisted in his work, however, and managed to win their friendship.

Ill health forced the missionary to return to civilization twenty-five years ago, but he has not forsaken his flock. At his home, 200 Austin Street, Winnipeg, he still writes for them and of them. Altogether he has had published seventeen volumes and his mammoth dictionary will soon be a fitting climax to his life's work.

Mongolian Pheasants Not Chinks, Member Discovers

ORIENTAL encroachment upon the business life of the British Columbia Coast cities is once again a live issue. There was a time when Chinamen confined their activities largely to laundry work, but they now engage in fifty-three different classes of business.

In Vancouver a special civic committee has been appointed to see what can be done about this. If it is decided to invoke the help of Parliament there will be no difficulty about enlisting the services of W. O. McQuarrie, Member for New Westminster, who has already spoken often and at length against Oriental penetration.

Quite recently Mr. McQuarrie happened to overhear a conversation from which he gathered that arrangements had been made to bring 1,000 Mongolians to Canada, and that the first party of 250 was to be placed near Maillardville—or so it sounded to the New Westminster Member.

"Did you say they're going to turn 250 Mongolians loose near Maillardville?" he asked. "That's a French-Canadian settlement in my district and I'm certainly going to have something to say about that! I'd like to know why I haven't been consulted!"

"It isn't Maillardville in British Columbia, but Millarville in Alberta," he was informed. "And why should you be consulted, anyway? You're not particularly interested in game, are you?"

"Game? Game?" exclaimed the perplexed Mr. McQuarrie. "What has that to do with it? I thought you were talking about Chinamen."

"Not at all," came the laughing explanation. "We were discussing the shipment of Mongolian pheasants that's being brought in by the Alberta fish and game association."

"Oh!" said Mr. McQuarrie, much relieved, "that's a bird of another color!"

A Gracious Excuse

ONE of the brilliant weddings in St. Margaret's, London, this Summer was that of Miss Wanda Holden and the Hon. C. W. Baillie-Hamilton, M.P. Miss Holden, whose father, Major Norman Holden, is one of the outstanding figures in the world of commercial politics and finance in England, included in her list of wedding guests H. G. Wells, the famous writer, who is an old friend of the family.

In excusing himself from being present at the wedding Mr. Wells sent a characteristically attractive letter, saying:

"I am not really respectable enough to go to beautiful marriages at St. Margaret's, my dear Wanda. If I came to your wedding I should only burst into tears and make a scene, but I do hope you are going to be as happy as you are delightful," concluded Mr. Wells, enclosing his gift to the bride.

Naming Flowers

Many of our garden flowers are named after various persons. The camellias take their name from George Kamel, a Jesuit traveler. The dahlia was named after Dahl, a Swedish botanist, the fuchsia after Leonard Fuchs, a German.

Paper Resists Heat

A rag fibre permanent ledger paper has been developed by a manufacturing concern in cooperation with the United States Bureau of Standards. It remains practically unaffected when heated for seventy-two hours to a temperature of 100 degrees centigrade.

He—Men do not paint their faces!"

She (snappishly)—No, they're far too busy painting the town!"

Her Harp Reproduces Olden Melodies Of Quebec

SOME years ago, when a little American girl was at school at King's Hall, Compton, Quebec, she spent her leisure hours in visiting French-Canadian farmers within reach of the school. Child as she was, she loved their simple hospitality, the cheeriness of their crowded homes with the inevitable infants creeping about the kitchen floors. She loved their old songs, too, and later on when she had returned to New York and to the intensive study of music the old songs clung to her memory. Then suddenly French-Canadian folk songs became a sort of fashion and the music was made available in printed form for study. So the little musician revelled in the lovely old melodies and found, to her delight, that her chosen instrument, the harp, was an almost ideal medium for their interpretation. That little musician was Miss E. Murray Paret, who is this Summer installed as soloist at the Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay. In the great rose and grey drawing-room she sits, close to the portrait of Madame de Champlain, both of them about the one age, the pictured chatelaine of L'Abitation, Champlain's home at Quebec, and the bobbed hair harpist interpreting songs which even then were familiar to the first inhabitants of Quebec.

There is something inexpressively delicate and lovely in the old songs of court and cottage as they are interpreted upon the harp, and the drawing-room is hushed while Miss Paret plucks from the strings of her great harp the melodies already becoming so familiar to us.

Miss Paret was a student for five years at King's Hall, Compton, Quebec. She studied music, specialising in the harp, first at Dr. Damrosch's school, the Institute of Musical Art, in New York, and later with Mildred Dilling, internationally known as a concert harpist.

Mutually Satisfactory

HE was in London for the first time, and his uncle, a stockbroker, was showing him round Throgmorton Street.

"Why is that little fat man winking and whispering to all those others?" asked the visitor.

"Oh," returned his uncle, "he's just bought in the stock of an oil company dirt cheap."

The visitor looked about him and noticed another man who was also whispering and chuckling to some friends.

"What is he so pleased about?" he asked his uncle.

"Oh," was the reply, "he's the man who sold the stocks."

An Old One

A YOUNG man had been trying his wit on his fellow passengers in the train, and they were getting tired of it. When an old man in the corner spoke up, they listened with interest.

"Here, young man," said he. "Two persons were walking down the street. One was tall, the other short. The tall one was the short one's son, but the short one was not the tall one's father."

"That's impossible," said the young fellow, after puzzling for a while.

"No, it's a fact," said the older man.

"What relation, then, was the short one to him?"

"His mother."

Cheap Privilege

Wife—"That's the kind of husband to have! Did you hear Mr. Blank tell his wife to go and look at some twenty-pound coats?"

Husband—"My dear, have I ever deprived you of the privilege of looking at twenty-pound coats?"

Toronto Student in Art Wins Fame in France

CAROLINE Armington, the Canadian-born artist whom France has taken to her heart as a real daughter of the republic, has more than one claim to distinction. Not only has she achieved fame among the critics and art lovers of her adopted country as the foremost woman etcher of France, but also, frequently, much to her own dismay, she has excited more attention than she has desired, by her peculiar method of outdoor sketching.



MRS. ARMINGTON

For Mrs. Armington, ever since she gave up painting to devote herself exclusively to engraving, after selling one of her canvasses to the French Government, has made all her sketches directly on the waxed plate with her etching needle. Now, occasionally an etcher may like, as a special "stunt," to test his draughtsmanship by using this very direct method, but few artists would consider it a pleasure to dispense regularly with the usual preliminary sketch. But Caroline Armington actually finds it easier and pleasanter to substitute the one rather risky procedure for the three ordinary and usually safer stages of production. For, even as a little girl studying art at Mr. J. W. L. Forster's studio in Toronto, the future etcher began so to train her eye and hand that she was very early able, like the Viennese students, to dispense entirely with the eraser. Consequently, it is now a comparatively easy feat for her to make an absolutely accurate drawing on wax of a bridge, or a Gothic doorway, or some other of the architectural features for which she has become famous.

But the friendly French onlooker, who always considered himself privileged to peer over an artist's shoulder at the progress of his work, has been either perplexed or fascinated by this unfamiliar drawing on a simple copper plate covered with black wax. Once, when Mrs. Armington was working alone down at the edge of the Seine, getting an unusual view of Notre Dame, a party of rather rough-looking men drew sufficiently near to inspect the new method and to discuss it quite frankly. Finally, one led the others off, explaining simply and authoritatively, "But she is only drawing on a school slate with a gold pencil."

Not so easily dismissed were some school girls at Chartres who eagerly watched every line made in the wax, and who asked innumerable questions. Fearing that they would be late for class, the artist held up her plate for all to see, promising, if the girls would run off to school at once, that she would still be there at noon and would show what progress she had made during the morning.

Evidently the Canadian visitor and her funny style of drawing had made considerable impression on the children, for at noon they promptly flocked back to the Cathedral doorway with a troop of other school friends. Seeing the excitement that her work had aroused, the etcher felt her old teacher-spirit revive, for as Caroline Wilkinson she had taught art in Halifax before her marriage and later had instilled the principles of line and form into a class in Winnipeg. Rapidly she satisfied the curiosity of the eager little French girls, explaining the processes used in etching and the acid bath to which the copper plate would subsequently be subjected. But before she reached the description of the actual transference of the sketch to paper, the excited children began sorrowfully to criticise the drawing on wax. "Oh, Madame," cried one, sadly but politely, "see, the lantern is on the right side of the arch, and the drawing has it on the left." Another disappointedly called the artist's attention to the position of an old beggar standing near the left of the arch, while the etching represented her as on the right.

One may imagine how their confidence in their new friend's skill was restored when the lesson was resumed and they learned that the drawing on the plate would appear reversed in the printed etching.

Seek Trace of Chinese Dialects in Northern Indian Talk

MR. Fung Kwei Li, of the University of Peking, left Edmonton recently for the Far North, sent by the University of Chicago to see if he can find any resemblance between the languages of the Chipewyan and Ojibeway tribes of northern Indians and the various Chinese dialects.

Last year Dr. Li spent three months with the Indians around Chipewyan, living with them, working amoung them, in an endeavor to find any similarity with Oriental languages.

This year, after he has spent a few weeks on last year's "hunting ground" at Chipewyan, he will go north to Good Hope and Fort Norman, on the Mackenzie River, to study the Hare Indians.

Dr. Li, who is a doctor of philosophy and the son of an eminent Chinese scholar, is twenty-eight years of age and speaks eight languages fluently. When going in last year he went to see Judge Dubuc in Edmonton. The judge was just about to make his annual trip north to try Eskimo murderers and had his kit ready. Dr. Li had found that he would need another tent, so asked the judge where such could be procured. As it happened the judge had a new one, just bought for forty dollars, which he found he was not going to need, so he offered to sell it.

"What do you want for it?" asked Dr. Li.

"Oh, twenty-five dollars," replied the judge.

"All right, I'll take it," said the Chinese.

When he came out the judge asked how he had liked the tent.

"Fine," replied Dr. Li. "It was just what I needed. I sold it when I left."

"What did you ask for it?" The judge was curious, knowing that he could get at least fifty dollars very easily for it.

"Oh, twenty-five dollars," was the reply.

"You could have got much more than that for it," commented Judge Dubuc.

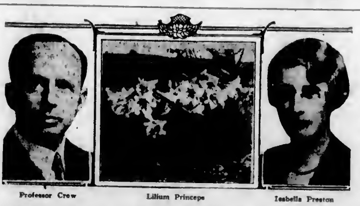
The Chinese smiled. "I'm not mercenary," was his quiet retort.

Two Notable Specialists Produce Beautiful Canadian Lily

MOST of the lilies that adorn Canadian gardens come from the parent stock of China, Japan, Southern Europe and Siberia.

Canada has now a lily of her very own. It is the result of six years of plant breeding work carried on at Guelph by Mr. J. W. Crow, well-known hybridist, and Miss Isabella Preston, specialist in ornamental gardening. At that time Mr. Crow was Professor of Horticulture at the Ontario Agricultural College, and Miss Preston was his valued assistant in experiments with a large and varied collection of lily species.

Miss Preston did the actual work which produced the new lily introduced last year as Lilium Princeps. The most interesting method of originating a new flower is to cross two varieties having the characteristics which it is desired to combine in the new flower. Miss Preston used this method. She chose Lilium Sargentiae and L. Regale as parents of the new plant. The process consisted in removing the pollen before it was shed of L. Sargentiae and placing on its pistil the pollen of L. Regale. This was done in July, 1916, and the seedlings bloomed in 1919. They have bloomed annually at Guelph for eleven years. In this period they have proven entirely hardy, inheriting the robust nature of their father, L. Regale, and are much superior to their mother parent. Sargentiae, which is not reliable in Ontario. Regal blooms the first week in July, its offspring about ten days later. Princeps is considerably taller and has larger flowers. It inherits the brown anthers of Sargentiae instead of the yellow of Regal. It has lost the habit characteristic of Sargentiae of producing bulbils in the axils of leaves along the stem above ground.



Professor Crow — Lilium Princeps — Isabella Preston

The Regal species, a gift from China, are widely grown and very popular. They come practically true from seed and bloom for two weeks in July. The Princeps lilies fill an important place by extending the season for this class of magnificent hardy plants. The real value, however, of the Princeps hybrids lies in the fact that they do not come true from seed but give rise by variation to a wide range of diversity.

"I have flowered several hundreds of Princeps progeny," says Mr. Crow, "and lily enthusiasts will be glad to know that we now have hardy lilies of this type blooming as late as the middle of August. Visitors to my garden in the last three years have been astonished and delighted to find a series of exquisite lilies of this type covering in succession a blooming period of six weeks longer. Canadian gardens will be able to possess within a few years a whole series of new horticultural varieties derived from this source.

"This is by no means all. I have already under way several hundred hybrids of Princeps which include in their pedigree the glorious Burmese species Lilium Sulphureum, growing to a height of eight feet and with immense sulphur-colored flowers. Lilium Sulphureum is much too tender for Canadian gardens except in rare instances, but when combined with L. Princeps and other hardy members of the group may perhaps give rise to new types of hardy plants still more desirable than those now in existence."

L. Princeps varies in height from two to six feet. The flowers are pure white with lemon-yellow centre and dark brown anthers. The buds and the outside of expanded flowers are shaded with brownish mauve. The fragrance is very rich and pleasing.

Years of cross-pollenizing in the genus Lilium has proved that only a very few species can be crossed with others.

"Some of the finest species will not hybridize," states Mr. Crow. "L. Henryi, L. Speciosum and L. Auratum produce seedlings in abundance to their own pollen, but they and many others apparently refuse to interbreed with any other species or variety. The field is therefore strictly limited, but I have no doubt that in certain directions there are important discoveries still to be made and potentialities still to be uncovered which will make our present efforts look like a feeble beginning."

Just Among Us Girls

The Younger Generation —and the Wiser One

By JACK LAIT

YOU never saw such chums as Margalo and her ma. It wasn't any case of "mother knows best," or clinging to maternal skirts. They simply enjoyed one another, and preferred one another.

Mrs. Kalmoran, the mother, was a widow—had been for more than a dozen years. The intense affection she had given to her husband she poured in with her already bubbling well of love for her child, and the two lived on in more than harmony—it was a wonderful, consistent, glorified sentiment.

When Margalo grew to adolescence her wise and fond mother did not attempt to hold her place too steadily—she knew that her daughter was a normal, romantic girl, and would be wanting to associate with the boys. Never jealous of any attentions which brought pleasure to Margie, as everyone called the youngster, Mrs. Kalmoran encouraged her to dance, to "go out" and to mingle with others of her own age and station.

More and more, as outside contacts occupied Margie's time and interest, Mrs. Kalmoran found compensation in the society of Peter Lowis.

He was the executor of her late husband's estate and had been his partner and closest crony. A grand old bachelor was Peter, as shrewd and keen that he was known as the Silver Fox—so pleasant and amiable that he was beloved by those he traded with.

Office Steno

MRS. Kalmoran had been the office stenographer to both the partners when they were struggling and she was young and beautiful. Both had fallen in love with her. The dashing Kalmoran, more impetuous then the sedate Lowis, had spoken first. For once the fox—he wasn't yet silver then—had lost out.

Since Kelmoran's death he had been the staff and comfort of his friend's widow and daughter. He had continued to give them the same share of the regularly growing business that would have been Kalmoran's had he lived. Every Sunday he was their guest at dinner.

Fearful of intruding in the beloved intimacy of the Kalmorans, he had never pressed his welcome. Evening after evening he sat in the musty and crusty club with other lonely rich men.

If he still loved the only woman he had hoped to or thought to marry, he showed it but never spoke it. Toward Margie he was more demonstrative and affectionate. The girl idolized him, went to him with confidences, breezed into his private office whenever she chanced to be in that part of town, sent him funny valentines and riddled his dignity. And he loved it.

Margie had no taste for college. She had too much fun at home. She needed no career and wanted none. So Lowis suggested that she come to work in his office—as her mother had, before her. It struck Margie as no end of a lark, and she became secretary-hostess and secretary to her friend, protector, partner.

A very pretty girl she was turning out to be. She had a smile that twinkled and dimples that rippled. A wholesome, happy-hearted young woman she was. And everybody in the office of Lowis and Kalmoran took to her pronto—none more so than young Gibbon Wilson, the rising city salesman.

Uncle's Successor

GIB was Pete Lowis' nephew, the son of his only sister, and as such was slated to inherit his uncle's share of the business some day. That made him what in offices they call a "sacred pig," but he showed rather more energy and industry then lem, because of his solid position.

Even Peter had never anticipated the possibilities of that department as Gib realised them. He was a whiz—bang seller, what with his clean-cut looks, his hearty manner, sincere driving determination and tireless pep.

Within six months Peter, who had started him at a salary which was shamefully low-paying han—as to which he had conscientious qualms because he was taking care of his own flesh and blood out of funds he felt did not belong solely to him—found he was shamefully underpaying him because the kid was such a substantial producer.

To his even greater and equally pleasurable surprise, who should turn out to be en asset in the business but Margalo!

She came on time and left when the office closed. She laughed and had a fine time but she worked; and she gave thought to things and tightened little loose ends that Mr. Hamhad never noticed. She changed the office system for economy and efficiency. She wrote letters that got results. And she could do as much with e visiting buyer as Gib would do with a buyer he visited.

So, all in all, Peter was pleased with the second generation of what he considered his two families—the Kalmorans and the Wilsons. And it gave him no grief at all when he noticed, in the sly way he had of noticing most everything, that Gib and Margie were not exactly throwing rocks at one another, so to say.

Gib began to be included in the Sunday dinners.

This was indeed, e departure. For almost fourteen years no outsider had been asked to invade the sanctity of that standing three-



"Very well, then —I refuse to marry your mother because— because—?"

some. The Kalmorans were so reclusive—they entertained handsomely. But Sunday dinner! That was always the domain of Peter as sole guest. It had been on Margie's plea and his consent that another was asked to come in —his blood kin and an arm of the mutual business, but still o Sunday dinner allen—and the long and holy practice was extended to include e fourth within its jealous circle.

Gib was quietly initiated and made to understand how profound a privilege he was basking in.

"Thanks," he said "Margie and i appreciate the dispensation. We'll make it up by inviting you and Uncle Peter to our house for Sunday dinner after we're—"

"What!" gasped Mrs. Kalmoran. "Margalo —is this—and you never told me e word of it—"

"This is the first I've heard of it," she answered.

"Well, get used to it. Nurse the idea. Isn't it e wow?" chortled Gib.

Uncle Peter cleared his throat and threw searching but not staring glances at the other three.

"I think it's e spendid idea," he said. "If Gib and Margie marry, we can keep the whole business in the one family."

"I thought of that," laughed Gib. "But it still wouldn't be quite keeping it in one femily anyway, not for a long, long time yet, I hope. But I have e hot idea that will do the trick . . . why don't you marry Mrs. Kalmoran, Uncle Peter?"

There was e hush—and more hush. Then Margie's tuneful laugh tore it.

"Strange—I never thought of that," she mused. "Personally, I'm for it . . . how bout you, mus?"

"I ought to send both of your unruly children into a corner for your extremely impertinent, tactless and utterly unfunny babbling."

"Okay," consented Gib, "if we can be in the same corner . . . by the way, Margie, you haven't yet—formally, that is—said yes. You're going to marry me. But I'd like to hear it from your own lips."

"Oh, sure," said Margalo. "That's old now —but what I want to hear confirmed right here and right now is: does mus marry Uncle Peter, and when?"

"Go to your room," commended Mrs. Kalmoran.

"All right—when you get the answer. Gib, come and knock on my door and give it to me by the underground system—like the prisoners always do see you all later . . . bless you my children."

She started off.

"Come back here," called Gib. "As my future wife, you are under my protection. True this is not my house. But I have some standing here as your mother's future son-in-law and nephew-in-law and partner and city salesman. By virtue of the authority in me vested by virtue of all those ties and titles, I intercede, and here upon my bended knee beseech mercy. Mercy!"

"Awful Children"

MRS. Kalmoran tried not to smile, but it was no go.

"Did you ever see such awful children?" she asked Peter.

"I raised them both—I should know them," he answered, with a drop of pride in his voice. "I think they're great."

"We don't dislike you two oldies, either," chirped Margie. "Gee, I think you're both corky you won't be a cruel step-daddy to it! Cinderella, will you, Uncle Peter?"

"Did you two imps cook this up in advance?" cried Mrs Kalmoran. "If you did—"

"We did not," Margie assured her.

"Quite spontaneous, mus," chimed in Gib. "I don't see how we could have overlooked it though. It's a natural."

"What a salesman!" gasped Margie.

"Soft pressure tactics, I should say," protested the widow.

"Having full confidence in the quality of my merchandise and the terms at which offered, what does it matter what methods are behind the sale? Could you find a finer wife than mus, une? You bet you couldn't. Could you dig up a grander prospect for a husband than Uncle Peter, mus? Not in a thousand days flying with Lindbergh. Say, you've both got high second-hand values."

"Gibbon!" exclaimed Peter. "This is going a trifle beyond even my indulgent patience."

"Aw, come, Uncle Peter—you want to—you know you do," interrupted Margalo. "And just between us girls—mus must love you a lot—anybody must, and she sees so much of you that she must, more."

"I got a peach of a thought, exuberated Gib. "You marry mus and we'll put her in the office, too."

"You behave," said Peter, sternly, with a grin breaking through his famous poker face.

"All right, unc. Then don't put her in the office. Let her keep house for us all, and when we come home after a weary day, tired and hungry, end—"

"Grend! Let's live here, huh!" gurgled Margie "I'm a very blah housekeeper, anyway. We three will make the pack and mus will be waiting for us, her hand shielding her eyes, as we return from the long, hard hunt, bringing home the bleeding bacon."

"Peter," snapped Mrs. Kalmoran, "let us go into the garden—you and I—I have listened to enough of this impertinent banter from these preposterous children."

"Going out to fix it up, eh?" suggested Gib.

It was a full hour later when Gib and Margo pussyfooted out into the garden.

Peter and the widow were seated, hand in hand, speaking in low tones

Gib coughed very loudly The elders dropped their hold and looked as though they had been suddenly roughed back into the world from some other, some less earthly realm.

"Ahh—we caught you," gloated Margie.

"Is it all set now? Is the marriage on?" asked Gib.

"It had better be," barked Margie. "Your uncle has my mother seriously compromised. He'd better make a good woman of her now, or I'll—we Kalmorans, when our honor is besmirched, we kill!"

"Don't you start killing off all the uncles I've got," retorted Gib. "He'll marry her—I promise it—I swear it—no Lowis ever ran out on his obligations. I, myself, will drag him to the altar. And if he won't marry her—I'll marry her myself to save the family's good name. I have spoken."

"You'll-marry me—and like it," ruled Margie. "As for him, there are still courts in the land —there is still justice under these glorious stripes and stars. I will go to the President, himself, if needs must be to save the lily white name of my mother. Mummy!"

"I refuse," said Peter Lowis, calmly.

The youngsters started to snicker, but his face was quite serious.

"I mean what I say," he continued. "And I am not jesting. Your mother did not refuse to marry me. In fact, she consented."

"There—" began Margie, but he silenced her down with a gesture of his hand.

"Owing to e circumstance which I will not divulge unless it is necessary, I refuse to marry your mother now. Or at any other, further time . . . but don't let that worry you. It doesn't seem to grieve her. She and I will go on as we have been going on. Is that correct, Lydia?"

"That is correct," repeated the widow, solemnly.

The expressions on the faces of the young ones were a study.

A sudden sense of fear possessed them. What had they done? Had they, in their well-meant jesting, perpetrated some calamity?

Had they created e crisis which might otherwise have resulted happily, but now by the word of both their elders, had crashed to disaster?

Tears sprang to the eyes of Margie, who adored her mother and almost as deeply loved the white-haired man who had been her benefactor, her friend, her protector and counsellor.

She had been holding Gib's hand without realizing it. Now she gripped it with all her strength—as though through him might shoot into her some consolation, some solution.

Unravel the Tangle

GIB, as the man in the case, felt it incumbent on him to do what he could—to attempt to unravel the tangle or at least to shoulder the blame.

"I—this is all rather mysterious," he began, with cracked voice. "Is it because, that is did we—that is, did I—was it anything I said —in there—before—"

"What you said," answered Uncle Peter, "had e great deal to de with my telling Margie what I did."

"But—Uncle—please—won't you explain?"

"Shall I?", asked Peter of the widow. She shook her head.

"I cannot unless she gives me her consent. Her name is involved."

"Good heavens!" choked Margie.

"Don't prolong this agony. Let me have the truth . . . tell him, mus—tell him to tell me?"

Peter looked again to his companion.

"You may tell, Peter," said she, with almost ghostly austerity.

"Very well," he said. "Sit down there. And be prepared for a shock."

They sat trembling opposite the older ones, goosefleshy and dazed and scared.

Peter waited e dramatic interlude, then, with direct voice, said:

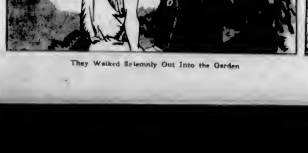
"You asked to know You insisted. Then you shall know . . . I said I refused to marry your mother . . . I said I asked her and she consented . . . I said a circumstance has arisen which forces me now to refuse to marry her . . . I said I would tell what that was if necessary . . . I said her name was involved . . . you still wanted the truth . . . do you still want it now?"

"I—I do," answered Margie, quivering.

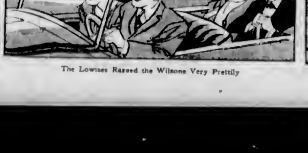
"Very well, then . . . I refuse to marry your mother because—because I married her the day before yesterday."

When they walked out of the garden Peter had his arm around the waist of his bride. Gib was embracing his bride-to-be.

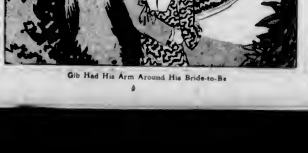
And as became old married folks, the Lowises roamed the Wilsons very prettily when they started for the station to begin the honeymoon.



They Walked Solemnly Out Into the Garden



The Lowises Razzed the Wilsons Very Prettily



Gib Had His Arm Around His Bride-to-Be

American Writes U. S. History for Oxford

"The Oxford History of the United States, 1783-1917," by Samuel Eliot Morison. New York: Oxford University Press, American branch.

LEWIS REX MILLER
In Christian Science Monitor

OCCASIONALLY—not often—appears a book which is immediately recognized as an institution that has come to stay. This is such a book. For the Oxford undergraduates, and graduates, who study it —and they will undoubtedly study it in increasing numbers—it will certainly stand for many years as the first complete and satisfactory treatment of United States history for English readers. For American students, it will occupy a position among the best of their national histories, not only accurate, scholarly and impartial, but refreshingly individual in its point of view and manner of expression.

It is generally agreed that no person can write the history of a country so well as a native of that country. A perusal of this work leads one to conclude also that the citizen who wishes to write a truly excellent history of his country should go abroad to do it. England provided Professor Morison, the first Harmsworth professor of American history in the University of Oxford, with a quiet place in which to sit down in peace to write about his country, and "a far-off place of calm" from which to view it. Oxford provided him with "a haven of scholarly ease and quiet contemplation" in which to employ his well-known historical and literary talents.

English undergraduates have until recently shown little inclination to study United States history. This reviewer once heard Professor Morison express to a gathering of historians in London his surprise at discovering that the new chair which he had been called in Oxford to fill was founded, not for the reason for which such chairs are usually established, namely, to supply a demand for instruction in American history, but to cause such a demand. There is no doubt that Professor Morison succeeded remarkably well in this difficult task. Incidentally, by writing this book, he has provided a history of the United States for the entire English-speaking world, a book which can be read with equal pleasure and profit by Englishman, Canadian, South African, Australian, New Zealander, American, and that far-flung Anglo-Saxon fringe of readers which drapes the globe in distant outposts from Gibraltar to Manila and back again. He has provided an exceptionally excellent textbook for the use of future lecturers on United States history in England. When the chair of American history in the University of London, for which Major George Haven Putnam and others are now collecting funds, is established, Professor Morison's books will no doubt make the work of that professor additionally pleasant and effective.

A few quotations will show with what skill the author interprets American history in terms which will be readily comprehensible to the Oxford student. There is a remarkable profundity in the passage in which, dwelling upon the pioneering, or frontier, nature of American life throughout most of its history, he writes: "In a new country one turns to one's neighbors for many offices and functions that, in a richer community, are performed by government or by specialists. Hence the dual nature of the American, individualism and herd instinct, indifference and kindliness, a combination so puzzling to longer established peoples. Isolation in American foreign policy is an authentic outcome of community isolation, as are the recent American relief organizations of primitive interdependence."

Apt comparisons with European history, with which English students are certain to be familiar, abound. For example, Martin Van Buren is characterised as Andrew Jackson's "Talleyrand," and we are tempted to complain that so great a man had been mal eleve." In describing the South in the years immediately following the Civil War, a comparison is made with Central Europe after the World War, and the conclusion reached that "on the whole the plight of the Southern people in 1865 was far worse than that of the Central Europeans in 1918."

Men who have made Anglo-American history, from Washington and Hamilton to Bryce and Page, are given full recognition for their accomplishments. Castlereagh is described as "the first British statesman to regard friendship with America as a permanent British interest." James Gordon Bennett is called "the Scots-born father of the American yellow press." The part which Oxford men, especially, have played in American history is fully recognized. Some American statesmen of the revolutionary period are shown to have had Oxford as their Alma Mater (Charles Vaughan, British Minister at Washington in Jackson's administration, was a Fellow of All Souls).

The friendly progress, on both sides of the United States and Canada is frequently noted, and the remarkable community of interest between the two countries is well illustrated by the story of how, in the Winter of 1870, Donald A. Smith, resident governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, travelled south from Winnipeg and James J. Hill from St. Paul, both on dog-sleds. The two empire-builders met on the prairie and made camp in a storm, and from that meeting sprang the Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern Railways. It seems strange today to read of the generally belief of such eminent statesmen as Franklin, Sumner, Seward and Gladstone, that there could never be any real friendship between the United States and Britain while Canada was British, for Canada has indeed become "the principal bond of friendship between the countries."

It is gratifying to note that Professor Morison points out the injustice of comparing American rule in the Philippines with that of Great Britain in India, for the American problem is obviously so much smaller and simpler as to make any significant comparison impossible.

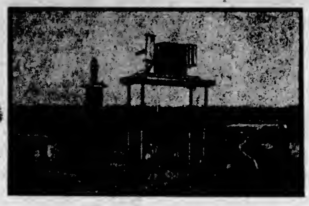
The Oldest Picture

The oldest picture in the world is probably a picture in the public museum at Cairo, Egypt. It was found in the tomb of Ne fer khaf at Medum and was drawn, it is believed, in the time of the first Egyptian dynasty, about 4,400 years B.C.—Pathfinder.

How Miners Now Go Prospecting by Making Artificial Earthquakes

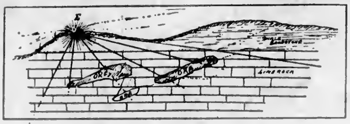


Courtesy of the Scientific American.



A Photograph of the Portable Apparatus Used in Connection with the Seismic Method of Locating Mineral-Bearing Formations. The Receiving Instrument Rests on a Metal Pedestal and Sends Its Beam of Light to the Photographic Recording Apparatus Placed on a Collapsible Table.

Percussing the Earth with Dynamite: By Thumping or Percussing the Body the Physician Locates the Various Organs and Any Existing Growths. Exactly the Same Principle Is Employed to Find Ore Bodies.



WHEN the miner of today goes prospecting, he carries with him some queer-looking apparatus which he uses to record artificial earthquakes and thus bring to light mineral-bearing formations. This is known as the "seismic" method. It is, as Karl K. Kithil explains it in The Scientific American, the study of vibrations which travel through the earth. These vibrations are produced by artificial disturbances at or near the surface and are measured and determined at points distant from the disturbance.

Various delicate instruments have been assembled for this purpose. They vary in construction and to some extent in principle. They may be called seismographs, but are really vibrometers, oscillographs, or seismo-vibrographs.

"The seismic method," Mr. Kithil cautions, must not be confused with the so-called 'doodle bugs,' which depend upon imaginary personal influences or idiosyncracies of the individual operator. The newer geophysical methods are entirely instrumental and are free from any alleged personal influence or the imagination of the operator. The entire procedure is highly fascinating and interesting and may eventually become of great importance."

The chief object of the earthquake method is to determine, from records obtained by these recording instruments, the idiosyncracies of earth wave travel between any given point of artificial disturbance to other distant points where such instruments are installed. From a knowledge of these factors some of the structural conditions of the deposits between these points can be deduced. The problem is anything but a simple one and may under certain conditions become too complex to permit any interpretation.

"To expect to obtain results which can disclose the true or even approximate condition of the composition of any portion of the earth requires a most complete knowledge of geology," says Mr. Kithil. "Geology deals with the structural conditions of our earth. We know that beneath the topsoil of the earth exist many different kinds of rocks of different ages and of different composition, and that they were deposited in the ground under greatly varying circumstances. By natural action they are subjected to all kinds of hindrances, causing reflection, refraction, diffusion and other changes, when passing from a medium of one kind to another. These influences cause changes in the speed and character of the original waves and their rays as they are propagated through the various kinds of materials and before they arrive again at the surface of the earth at some other point.

"Now let us go into the field at an actual place to be tested and where preliminary geological observations have given indications of the possible existence of suitable formations.

"We see only the surface material and can only surmise what the ground below may hold in store for us. We also do not know what the conditions are of any of the suspected underlying formations, so far as placement is concerned — whether any changes have been caused in their original position by intrusions or otherwise, or whether these formations have been tilted, or broken up, and whether older or more recent materials are interbedded.

"At selected points we place our instruments at predetermined distances from each other. Then we place a charge of dynamite at about the centre of the area, or some other suitable point away from the instruments, and get everything in readiness. We next send out a radio wave which through suitable short wave receiving sets starts all instruments simultaneously in operation. After a short time interval we fire the shot of dynamite."

The entire operation takes only a short period of time and the record is completed. The apparatus should be provided with an automatic cutout, so that the recording device of the individual instruments will come to a standstill after several seconds of time. After that the photographic film or sensitized paper on which the record is automatically made is taken from the instrument and developed, marked and taken back to the office; or else interpretations can be made in the field, especially when the knowledge of the results obtained is of immediate importance and where new readings with a different set-up are required.

"Briefly stated," Mr. Kithil continues, "we may detect by the seismic method, formations which may turn out to be mineralized, their relative positions in the ground, and some of the irregularities in their outline. From interpretable records so obtained, it is possible to learn something of value, which may decide whether further prospecting by other known means of geophysics should be undertaken. This will, to some extent, prevent the expenditure of large amounts of money which are being wasted for wild-catting and fruitless prospecting in unknown ground. This method, in conjunction with other geophysical methods, may help to discover some of the mineral resources the existence of which would never have become known to us without such means."

Berlin Corrects Some Published Details Of New Cruiser

THE following official statement concerning the published description of the new German cruiser, Ersatz Preussen, has been sent out from Berlin:

"Numerous articles have already been published in the world press concerning the new German armored cruiser, in which its qualities are exaggerated, as they were also in The New York Times of June 30. The Ersatz Preussen has actually six eleven-inch guns and eight six-inch guns. In addition to this there are six torpedo tubes with a diameter of 19.68 inches, and not 23.5 inches, as stated in the article. The speed will be twenty-six knots and not thirty knots, and the ship will have a cruising radius of probably 10,000 nautical miles at twenty knots speed. A cruising radius of 20,000 miles at fifteen knots is out of the question.

Most of the details given in the press concerning the range of the guns, the rapidity of fire, the armor, the weight of the guns and the weight of the engines are exaggerated. As a matter of fact, the improvement of some parts in a new construction may be obtained only at the expense of other parts, which means their weakening. The higher efficiency of some parts will logically be outbalanced by a lesser efficiency in other parts. The statement that the new construction surpasses in every detail all other warships of equal tonnage seems, therefore, to be contradictory.

"It is inconceivable how the turrets can be fitted with projectors for the expulsion of poison gas. Such fixtures have not yet been invented. Furthermore, the expulsion of poison gas would be of no use in modern warfare with fighting distances of ten miles and more."

Southern Fourflusher Hoist With His Own Petard

By GEORGE R. BAIRD

HE came from "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave" by a road over which his grandfather's slaves had once fled to Canada. He traveled in luxury—in his limousine.

In Toronto, he registered at a hotel named after a very democratic member of the royal family. It was wartime, and his profiteering in munitions enabled him to stay at the "best places."

He introduced himself to the clerk with a slurring remark on Canada. But the clerk, with an effort, restrained himself from violence, remembering that the hotel rules demanded courtesy to patrons.

During his stay his favorite pastime seemed to be provoking the staff by belittling everything British.

He returned frequently, and in all his dealings with the cashier he aggravated that official with a studied persistence. His pet theme being the ridicule of our bank notes, which were then at a discount. He always referred to them as "stage money." During several visits, the cashier endured this torment, and then one day his opportunity came.

An actor guest displayed a literal armful of stage money, which was so much like real money that a careful look was necessary to discern that it was worthless. The cashier obtained one of these imitation bills and laid it away in a drawer.

Shortly after, the offensive guest swaggered up to the wicket and slapped down an American one hundred dollar bill, saying, "Gimme a hundred dollars' worth us your 'stage money.'"

The cashier took this, giving in exchange the imitation money.

Several hours later the guest returned in a frenzy. He hopped off one foot on to the other. He threatened with his fist. His head shook until his hat slid to the floor. His face blazed crimson, clouded purple, as he assailed the cashier with a violence which intensified itself into coherency. He perspired. He almost frothed at the mouth.

Through this, the cashier maintained the expression of the innocence of childhood. Then, when the torrent had subsided, he asked what all the trouble was about.

Then the guest told of how near he had come to being arrested when attempting to use the money which the other had given him.

In the same guileless tone, the cashier said: "Now, stop and think, what did you ask me for?"

The guest did stop, abruptly. And he thought. His countenance relaxed while he turned an ash color. His expression was hard to describe.

With a sickly grin he remarked, "You win, brother." And turned and walked away.

Human Fledglings Are Taught to Fly in "Bathtub"

QUEEREST of all devices ever designed to help the novice aviator acquire wings is the strange apparatus which is now in the spotlight at the Army Air Corps' experimental laboratories at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. For lack of a better name it has been called the "flying bathtub," since some of the airmen compare it with a winged variety of the household article.

With this "primer plane," as the device is known, students of aviation are afforded all the sensations of looping the loop, going into a tail spin and flying blind through fog without ever leaving the ground.

The new invention, upon which Lieutenant Albert F. Hegenberger, among others, has been working for over a year, was designed to take the place of what has been known as one of the most curious devices man has invented in his efforts to rival the birds of the air—the orientator—which, placed upon the ground, is intended to give the aviation student the "feel" of an airplane before he actually takes to the air.

The apparatus is made like the cockpit of an airplane, and has a miniature fuselage, fitted with a propeller, ailerons, elevators, and rudder. It is suspended in an electrically-operated framework, consisting of three concentric rings.

On the instrument board of the "primer plane" described in Popular Mechanics, practically all the instruments carried in a regular airplane are mounted.

The prospective pilot takes his seat in the fuselage. With his feet on the rudder bar and his hand on the steering wheel, with the propeller roaring before him and the air rushing past, the novice puts the device through various evolutions. Each movement of the control stick or rudder bar results in the same reaction that follows such a movement in actual flight. Thus, the beginner becomes familiar with all the controls without risking a crash.

A second lever and bar allows an instructor, outside the device, to manoeuvre it suddenly into all sorts of positions to test the student's ability to react coolly in a crisis. If an error is made, the motor is shut off and a conference takes place.

Next the "flight" starts all over again, with the instructor increasing the speed and manipulating the plane into the desired upside-down or sideways position. Then the student is required to manoeuvre the machine back to its normal position. The skill with which he does this determines to a great degree the rating he receives.

The new "flying bathtub," or primer plane, is held to be greatly superior to the old orientating device. The tub has both a propeller and an engine, and can therefore simulate to an amazing degree every one of the main manoeuvres a real plane can execute.

It consists of a small fuselage body with rudder, elevator and aileron, or movable flat foil that serves to keep the ship from wabbling from side to side. These surfaces are fully controlled by the operation of standard airplane apparatus installed in the fuselage body, and the plane itself is sent flying by means of a tractor propeller driven by a fifteen-horse-power electric motor, mounted forward in the fuselage of the "bathtub" in the same fashion as is the engine in the actual airplane.

The plane itself is mounted in a double-tripod frame, twenty feet high, this height offering a sense of dissociation from the ground besides a certain amount of horizon perspective. While the student becomes familiar with the features of flying that at first are apt to be confusing—the blast of air, the noise of the propeller and the rocking, tipping motions of flight—he also is becoming used to the response of actual flying controls.

With his feet on the rudder bar and control stick in hand, the student flyer can cause the primer plane to assume any position a plane can take in actual flight and gain the feel of the controls and the different movements of the ship with the assurance of safety while he is learning. An instrument board, equipped with compass, clock, airspeed indicator, and the rest of the standard flight instruments, enables him to form the habit of automatic references to the board in all attitudes of flight.

Students are taught how to fly "blind" by placing a hood over their heads to shut off the horizon, sky and ground. Thus the novice is compelled to attempt to regain, from the various attitudes, normal position by simply referring to the dials of the various instruments on the dashboard.

Sun's Color Found By Scientists to Be Green

WHEN you take a glance at the flaming sun it appears to be bright yellow in color, but scientists now say that it is really green. They base their conclusions on the qualities of the human eye and not on the atmospheric absorption of certain rays.

M. Charles Nordmann, a French investigator, who has made a study of the "true color" of the sun, sets forth the results of his discovery in a Parisian journal.

"Sunlight is prodigal of illusions," says M. Nordmann. "For example, the moon, which we see by sunlight, appears blue to us. Rostand says: 'The moonlight shimmers on the slopes of the blue roofs.' Painters have used up tons of ultramarine blue to paint moonlight effects. On the contrary, they have recourse to chrome yellow and ochre to represent landscapes flooded with sunshine. Well, they are wrong! When we analyze these lights with the spectroscope we find that that of the sun is proportionately bluer and less yellow than that of the moon.

"What then is the real color of sunlight and daylight? It is now recognized that our color sensations come from three kinds of elements in the retina, sensitive respectively to red, green and violet.

"This being so, it is clear that if we observe a very brilliant object containing different proportions of the red, green and violet rays, it will always appear to us very nearly white, because if the red rays, for example, are much less intense than the violet, the sensitiveness of the retinal elements for red will become automatically greater than that of the elements sensitive to violet.

"Therefore, to know the true color of an object we must weaken its light, for this compensatory adaptation of the retinal elements to colors takes place more slowly when the light is feeble."

Electricity From Mud

MUD is the latest source of electrical supply. A power station is being erected at Karnap, Germany, which will depend on the mud of the River Ems. This contains a combustible material which, by a new method, will be extracted and dried, and then used as fuel for the works. The heat value is stated to approximate lignite. The new process is described as of international importance, since there are many rivers in the various coal districts throughout the world where mud could be treated and used in the same manner.

Ship's Doctor, 36 Years at Sea, Has Cure for Mal-de-mer

THE cause of and the remedy for seasickness have been discovered, according to Dr. S. Sydney Jones, who has been a ship's surgeon for thirty-six years, on the eve of his retirement as chief surgeon of the Cunarder Aquitania, a post he has held since 1919. In that time he has proved to his own satisfaction that mal-de-mer is the result of acidosis and acetonaemia, and he has worked out a treatment that has been more than 90 per cent successful. Dr. Jones has had his theories tested by other scientists. Exhaustive laboratory experiments on ships have substantiated his beliefs by invariably showing an acid condition in seasick passengers.

This discovery was not revealed because Dr. Jones wanted to give it all possible tests before he took the public into his confidence. Unable to continue his studies further because he has reached the Cunard's obligatory retirement age, he is willing to let the conclusions from his long observations stand.

Dr. Jones holds that any person subject to seasickness who will, for one week before boarding a ship, "live a decent and quiet life and take ordinary dietetic and medicinal precautions against hyperacidity" will have a perfect crossing, no matter what the weather. A rundown condition can make this difficult and the excitement attendant upon a first sea voyage may have a bad effect upon the digestion, but the remedy is simple and quick.

"Bon voyage parties should be avoided," Dr. Jones said. "Alcohol produces an acid condition and it is not surprising that persons who have been celebrating their departure should react sadly to the movements of a ship."

One old theory Dr. Jones takes a considerable delight in exploding is that a champagne diet by the woebegone passenger lying wrapped in his deck chair will drive away the maritime squeamishness. Instead of counteracting the ocean's bugbear, champagne will noticeably aggravate the acid condition and will delay a return to normal.

The interest Dr. Jones has taken in this barrier against a pleasant ocean voyage is due as much to his understanding sympathy as to his official duties. Back in 1893, on a long trip from England to Java in a small steamer, he began his career at sea and all the forces of the air and water conspired to make his novitiate a difficult one.

"Of course, the ships today cannot misbehave as they did then, but I always imagine passengers are experiencing the same distress that was mine," Dr. Jones said. "These big ships are so smooth even in storms that no comparison with other years is possible, but passengers still ask for help.

Some persons are seasick shortly after the ship sails; some even declare they are ill before the ship moves from the dock, and one patient declared that the mere walking along the dock before embarking was sufficient to cause a feeling of nausea. It would seem likely that the sympathetic system may act on one or more of the endocrine glands and so cause the fats to be broken up into these substances instead of carbon dioxide and water. At any rate, it is noteworthy that these cases respond very readily to intensive alkaline treatment."

Dr. Jones has no idea how many cases of seasickness he has treated in his thirty-six years, but he knows the only successful method has been the counteracting of the hyperacidity. Before he made his discovery there was little he could do for his patients. Now he can have his passengers eating grapefruit or oranges within a few hours of receiving his intensive treatment.

Dr. Jones will now have no more of these cases. Feeling too young to give up his work and devoting all his time to his Sealyhams at his home in Kent, probably he will go on practicing, but not on shipboard.

Dr. Jones has been a Cunard surgeon since 1896, when he sailed for Boston in the old Catalonia. Many knew him on the Mauretania before the World War, but the Aquitania passengers know him best, for he has missed few voyages in that ship since he was released from the British Navy at the end of the war.

Wanderlust of the Birds

IT has been hot; but the birds are already starting south. The psychologists who have been experimenting with scholarly rats and attempting to decipher the psychic content of the words "male" and "female" might well devote another session to the perennial wanderlust of our Northern birds. They never fail; generation after generation answers the mysterious call. The tiny humming birds desert our trumpet vines and embark on the perilous, long cruise that takes many of them across the Gulf of Mexico; birds that lay their eggs close to the midsummer snows within the Arctic circle wing their way to within range of Byrd's camp in the Antarctic; even the familiar friendly robins feel the restlessness and leave their Summer haunts.

We call ours a restless age among men, but even Lindbergh is a stable stay-at-home compared with some of these birds. And no one has yet satisfactorily explained the phenomenon of these migrations of millions. Why do the terns that nest in the Arctic fly to the Antarctic, and not vice versa? Why do most of the birds of the Northern Hemisphere make the long, annual treks, while the phenomenon is so uncommon in the Southern? What makes the birds so restless long before the cold weather comes and the food supply gives out? Is it some strange, inherited pre-glacial memory? That is a hypothesis, but it only suggests another mystery; for how explain such memories in birds, and not in the king of the beasts, man?—New York Times.

"Bottled" Sun Rays to Brighten Mines

ARTIFICIAL sunlight is to be taken underground for the benefit of miners extracting ore from the deep network of tunnels of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Mine, the largest silver-lead producer in the United States, according to announcement by Stanley A. Easton, general manager. The artificial sun, installed at a cost of $10,000, is an ultra-violet ray solarium.

Marble in Chile

Rich marble deposits in great quantity near the southern tip of South America, in the Magellan zone of Chile, are to be exploited by a recently-formed company with a large capital. The marble is said to be equal in quality to the famous Carrara marble.

Lawyer—Remember, sir, you are under oath.

Witness—I am fully aware of it, sir.

Lawyer—And you, notwithstanding, reassert that what you have just said is the truth?

Witness—I am certain of it.

Lawyer—What makes you so certain of it being the truth?

Witness—Your inability to recognise it as such.

Find Peril to Health By Handshake Test

THE result of an experiment made at Columbia University by Dr. Leila Ione Given, research worker at Teachers College, has confirmed the opinion of leading doctors and bacteriologists that handshaking is one of the most dangerous of civilised habits. Dr. Given expressed the belief that no cleansing preparation or disinfectant could prevent the transfer of germs through the clasping of hands. A report of her survey was made public recently.

In her study Dr. Given used two groups of students. Both groups, one of forty-five and the other of fifty-five students, had their hands thoroughly washed and scrubbed with soap and water before participating in the experiment. In addition, the second group had their hands immersed in a solution of bichloride of mercury for three minutes.

One student's hand was then smeared with a bacteriological culture. This subject shook hands with other members of the group, who in turn shook hands with others until each of the hundred students had shaken hands with someone who might have been affected by the bacteria on the hand of the first student.

A subsequent examination of the students revealed an average of 38.8 per cent transfers of the germs in the total number of contacts in the group of forty-five. In the group of fifty-three who had undergone the immersion in a disinfectant, the average percentage of transfers out of the total number of contacts was thirty-five.

The use of the chemical as a wash seemed to make no difference in the results. The transfers were carried through a long series of subtransfers to the sixth and seventh persons.

"Handshaking is an invariable custom of people in all walks of life," said Dr. Given. "Business people, professional people, laborers and idlers greet their friends and associates with a cordial clasp of the hand. Children clasp hands in their play and infants clasp the hands of their parents. So common is the custom that people generally do not realise the element of danger accompanying it.

"The hands are more often contaminated than we would like to believe.

"It has been established without a doubt that the mouth is the preferred portal of entrance for such organisms as the bacillus typhosus, the bacillus tuberculosis, the bacillus diphtheria, the bacillus cholera and other bacilli causing respiratory infections," continued Dr. Given.

"It is known that babies and children are constantly putting their fingers in their mouths," said Dr. Given, "but is not appreciated that the practice is not confined to the young, as recent observations have shown. Recently observation was made of forty persons in the reading room of the Teachers College library. During a period of thirty minutes only one of the students observed did not carry her hands to her mouth.

"Of this same group, thirteen were seen to moisten their fingers before turning the leaves of their books.

"With the present habits of human beings, it seems reasonable to conclude that bacteria are constantly being transferred from mouth to hand and hand to mouth," concluded Dr. Given. "The present series of experiments show that bacteria are transferred from one hand to another in the process of handshaking and that the bacteria on the hands of one person may be transferred to those of a considerable number of other persons, not only directly, but through the medium of other persons. These facts lead us to conclude that handshaking is a source of infection."

"Mammal" Sure Looked Mighty Like a Dog

FANNIE Hurst, one of the most popular of American authors, usually carries along her pet Pekingese wherever she travels. As she is rather partial to exclusive quarters on railroads and steamers, there is seldom any difficulty about this.

"Recently, however, she was halted by a conductor as she was about to board a train with "Lummux" under her arm.

"You can't take that dog in the train," said the railroad official. "It's against regulations. He'll have to travel in the baggage car."

"Dog?" questioned Miss Hurst haughtily. "What dog are you referring to, pray?"

"That animal under your arm, ma'am," explained the conductor, wilting somewhat under the supercilious manner of the passenger.

"Indeed!" snapped Miss Hurst. "If you had even an elementary knowledge of biology, my man, you would instantly recognize that this is a mammal!"

"Well, all right, then," said the abashed conductor. "Take him in the car with you. All the same, he looks mighty like a dog to me."

None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.—Benjamin Franklin.



A Page For CHILDREN



A Great Explorer's Boyhood

Sir Ernest Henry Shackleton

ERNEST Shackleton's schooldays were over, or rather he had entered a far stricter school. His father's friends had found a place for him on a fine big sailing ship belonging to the Northwest Shipping Company. It was to be a trial voyage, leaving the lad free, if at the close of the first venture at sea he desired to stay on shore. The ship was the Hoghton Tower. Her captain, whose name was Partridge, was known as a man of high character and kindly nature in many of the world's ports.

The new boy was shocked at first at the drunkenness and profanity of the sailors. He was, however, very soon busy learning the uses of the ropes, yards and other parts of the handsome clipper and in doing his part in keeping her clean and trim. For two or three days he was seasick, but before a month was over the new boy was as much at home aloft as on deck.

The Ship's Company

AS young Shackleton was to spend a year on the voyage it is interesting to learn something about his companions on the long trip. Captain Partridge was kind to the lads under his charge. He sometimes asked the apprentices to dinner with him and brought them on Sunday evenings into his cabin for hymn singing, accompanying them on his flute.

The second mate, in whose watch Shackleton was, proved himself a very good friend. Of the other boys an extract from one of the young sailor's home letters shows that "the first night I took out my Bible to read they all stopped laughing and talking, and now every one of them reads theirs excepting a Roman Catholic, and he reads his prayer book."

The ship had sailed on the last day of April, 1890, and at the end of May she was "crossing the line." Here Old Father Neptune came on board and the boys were tarred, shaved and ducked in orthodox fashion. So far the weather had been fine and there had been time for fun as well as for work. Shackleton's favorite amusement was boxing. Then and afterwards the young sailor spent much time in writing letters, and at every port letters were awaiting him from those he loved.

Storm and Stress

IN June stormy weather began and for six weeks furious gales kept every one on board at work. The Hoghton Tower was rounding Cape Horn. Sails and spars with two of the ship's boats were carried away and many of the sailors injured, the second mate having his thigh broken. What did Shackleton, the lad of sixteen, think of in this dreadful time? He has told us himself:

"During my first voyage I felt strongly drawn towards the mysterious South. During that voyage, which constituted one of the stiffest apprenticeships surely that ever a boy went through, we rounded Cape Horn in the depth of Winter. It was one continuous blizzard all the way; one wild whirl of stinging sleet and snow, and we were in constant peril of colliding with icebergs or even of foundering in the huge seas. Yet many a time, even in the midst of all this discomfort, my thoughts would go out to the southward, across that great expanse of southern sea, the loneliest tract of ocean in the wide world, the region which seemed to have been especially guarded against the approach of man by the Great Ice Barrier."

Kindness to Strangers

THE Horn was rounded at last and warmer breezes wafted the Hoghton Tower into the harbor of Valparaiso in Chile. Here, while the ship was being repaired and overhauled, the sailor boys had a chance to go on shore. Shackleton and his mates were welcomed to the home of a Scottish family where there were "nice pleasant girls who did not fish for compliments, though we gave them plenty," Shackleton wrote to his sisters. It was a merciful change to the homesick sailors, and the remembrance of the pleasure must have helped them to bear their trials when unloading and taking on cargo at Iquique. At this port no women spoke English and the people were unfriendly.

The long, hot weeks passed, however, and the ship started on an uneventful homeward voyage. When the captain met the clergyman who had recommended Ernest, he said, "I expect he has not given you a very bright account of his life, but he is the most pig-headed, obstinate boy I have ever come across; yet there is no real fault to find with him and he can do his work right well, and though he may not want to come with me again I am quite ready to take him."

It was almost a year before the ship was home again. Shackleton was welcomed by all the family and had a merry holiday with his sisters, who could not do enough to please their big sailor lad.

The motto of the Shackleton family was a Latin phrase meaning "By Endurance I Conquer," and Ernest determined to follow the sea, though now he understood the hardships of a sailor's life. His father apprenticed him to the Northwest Shipping Company.

The Second Voyage

HE sailed again on the old ship but with a bigger crew and a stricter master. The lad's love of home, of books and of nature and his religion helped to save him from the dangers that await lads in strange ports. He wrote and received hundreds of letters and read every book he could get. Among these was Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic." How many city boys of seventeen have done so? Here is his description of a scene at sea

"Many a painter would have given half of what he possessed to catch the fading tints of the red and golden sunset we had last night. The red and golden gleams gradually fading away into a deep purple, and far away, almost on the edge of the horizon, was the white speck of a homeward ship. . . . All I say is, if you wish to see nature robed in her mantle of might, look at a storm at sea; if you want to see her robed in her mantle of glory, look at a sunset at sea."

This voyage differed little from the first, except that it was even stormier and there was more sickness on board. It was over at last and the holiday was even more enjoyed than before. It had been well earned, for the boy was able to tell his father that this was the last year he would need help from home. He had studied hard and next year would take the examination for second mate.

He would gladly have left the ship then, but it was thought wiser to go on a third voyage in the Hoghton Tower. This time she went to India. In the hardships of the tropical voyage he fell ill and only recovered among friends and relatives in Newcastle, Australia.

Of the long voyage across the Pacific to the familiar harbors of Chile, of storms and of sickness, relieved by kind friends at Valparaiso, there is no space left to write. The boy has grown to be a man, strong and resolute, but with the tender heart that near the close of his adventurous life, in a time of great anxiety, prompted him to write this little letter to his five-year-old son.

"My Darling Little Edward.—This is just a line from Daddy to give you his love and to say I am just longing to see you again after all this long time. Daddy will show you all the pictures of the ice and snow when he comes home again.

"Good-bye.

"Your Loving Father."

Boys or girls who wish to know more about Sir Ernest Shackleton and the regions he explored should get from the city Library the biography written by Hugh Robert Mill.

Delightful Work for Girls

MISS Heneage, of Thetis Island, has found an unusual and very pleasant occupation. Mrs. O. M. Jones, on her farm at Metchosin, pointed out the way, or perhaps in her English home the lady may have seen women and girls at work. What Miss Heneage has done is to grow lavender and distil it.

Now almost every girl loves the lavender perfume sold by the druggists, but perhaps very few have thought how delightful it must be to spend the Summer among the sweet-scented shrubs.

This we learn from an article in The Christian Science Monitor, published on September 3, is what Miss Heneage does.

Here is part of the story:

Miss Heneage's field of lavender has developed from a tiny plot planted before the war. Her original intention was to grow a little for her linen chest. Then, during the war, she donated great bunches of it to the Red Cross as a means of raising funds.

Shortly afterward Miss Heneage engaged as cook a woman from near Mitcham, Surrey, where every garden has its plot of lavender and every household distills a little for its own use. At her suggestion her mistress resolved to try extracting the essence. But the process was quite outside Miss Heneage's experience. She had never visited the huge plants of France and Southern England. She had never even seen a genuine still. She had to learn the method bit by bit.

With a suggestion here, a hint there, and hours spent in libraries poring over books and magazine articles devoted to the subject, she gathered all the information available. Then, from a description of a still, she had one made.

Here another difficulty presented itself. The law decrees that a still must be under three gallons in capacity, although no limit is placed upon the number that one may operate. At present Miss Heneage has two in use, but as her plantation grows larger, others will need to be added.

She grows her lavender from seed, planting it in rows six feet apart and leaving about four feet between the plants. It may also be propagated by planting, in late Autumn or early Spring, cuttings of one season's growth with a heel of the older wood.

The blossom appears in early July, and its season is a short one—not more than two or three weeks. The oil must be distilled as soon as the plants are in full bloom. The flowers are cut in clear weather, in the morning while still damp with dew, and distilled at once. The essence is a pure, golden oil, not intensely fragrant, as one might imagine, alcohol is needed to bring out the aroma.

The process is an expensive one. The stills themselves are not unreasonably costly; but the Government tax is heavy, and the spirit used in dissolve the oil costs $25.60 per gallon! Moreover, dried lavender itself is sold at $3 a pound at the Coast, and it takes ninety pounds of lavender to make one pound of oil. A mere teaspoonful of oil can be distilled from a pound of flowers! Small wonder, then, that the bottled perfume is expensive

An acre of lavender will yield all the way from a few to twenty-five pounds of essence, according to the soil and climatic conditions. A plantation this size ought to support a home. But patience and constant care are required to get it established. And the work, although fascinating, demands vigilant attention.

"What would you say to anyone who sits down on your hat?"

"I should call him an idiot, a stupid ass."

"That's all I wish to know—you are sitting on mine."

LITTLE TWO-EYES

By M. GENEVIEVE SILVESTER

MAKE-A-BOOK—Save the twelve pictures that tell this story to make a book. Cut them out and paste them on white paper. You will then have a complete story. Cut a cover from stiff paper and sew the pages of the book into it with a big, strong stitch.



Two-Eyes sat by a big tree, crying. Again the fairy came. She asked, "Why do you cry, Two-Eyes?"

"Mother has killed my little goat," said Two-Eyes.

"Never mind," said the fairy, "ask her to give you the heart and plant it in the garden."

When Two-Eyes went home she ran to her mother and asked her for the goat's heart.

17



At last her mother gave it to her and she did as the fairy said.

The next morning there was a beautiful apple tree just where she had put the heart. It had apples of bright gold and beautiful silver leaves.

The mother and sisters tried to pull the apples, but the apples would fly away when their hands came near.

19

Arithmetic Displayed by Vegetable Kingdom

ARITHMETIC, apparently, is not unknown in the vegetable kingdom. Take, for instance, the plants belonging to the crosswort family, among which are found many of the common garden vegetables, including the cabbage and radish—all of them have four sepals and four petals, while the violets and their relations agree in having five petals, five sepals and five stamens.

Then, the gerani[illegible] tribe all possess five sepals, five petals and ten stamens, thus displaying a knowledge of the multiplication table!

Other examples could be quoted of this numerical regularity, such as the carrot family, with five petals, five stamens and a five-toothed calyx; the thrift family, to which the candytuft belongs, which have all their parts in fives—sepals, petals, stamens, and styles; and the irises, or "flags," which have them all in threes.

Other flowers possess twice the number of stamens that they have petals, while there are some plant families the members of which have their organs in fours or multiples of four

Is this due to ability to "reckon up"? You might almost think that it was

It is not only in the blossom itself that this accuracy is observed, for the seedling of the bean, for example, develops its rootlets in four distinct rows down the length of the main root, while the spacing out of the leaves on the stems of plants could not have been done with more mathematical precision by Euclid himself.

Remarkable Instance of An Elephant's Memory

AN amazing instance of the memory of elephants was given at St. Thomas, Ontario, recently. Some elephants belonging to a circus were being unloaded. Among them was Alice, age 116, who was with Barnum's Circus and was a companion of Jumbo, the world-famous elephant whose departure from the London Zoological Gardens about half a century ago caused quite a sensation in England. On reaching the spot where Jumbo was killed by a train in September, 1885, Alice stopped, stamped, trumpeted shrilly, and went down on her knees, starting the eight other elephants of the party on the rampage. It was only with great difficulty that Alice was pacified, and she made repeated demonstrations of sorrow when she again had to cross the spot where poor Jumbo was killed.

Our Building

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides,
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides;
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone,
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern.

—Matthew Arnold.

My Lady's Grave

The linnet in the rocky dells,
The moor lark in the air,
The bee among the heather bells
That hide my lady fair:

The wild deer browse above her breast;
The wild birds raise their brood,
And they her smiles of love caressed
Have left her solitude!

I ween that when the grave's dark wall
Did first her form retain
They thought their hearts could ne'er recall
The light of joy again.

They thought the tide of grief would flow
Unchecked through future years;
But where is all their anguish now,
And where are all their tears?

Well, let them fight for honor's breath,
Or pleasure's shade pursue,
The dweller in the land of death
Is changed and careless too.

And if their eyes should watch and weep
Till sorrow's source were dry
She would not, in her tranquil sleep,
Return a single sigh!

Blow, west wind, by the lonely mound,
And murmur, Summer streams!
There is no need of other sound
To soothe my lady's dreams.

—Emily Bronte.

Ancient Bank Notes

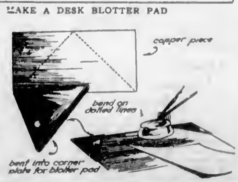
CHINESE chroniclers relate that bank notes were current in China as early as 2697 B.C., under the name of "flying money." One preserved in the Asiatic Museum at Leningrad dates from the year 1399 B.C., and bears the name of the imperial bank, date and number of issue, and the signature of a mandarin. It also contains a list of the punishments inflicted for forgery of notes.

Something for You to Do

By Dale R. Van Horn

HOW TO MAKE A DESK BLOTTER PAD

YOU can obtain good-sized blotters in different colors at your stationer's for usually five cents each. Four or five of these blotters will make an ideal pad for your desk or writing table, yet one, if placed by itself, is usually too thin. In time the corners tend to turn up, making it unsatisfactory in a general way.



However, simply by making metal corners as shown in the illustration for each of the four corners of these blotters, you can build up a pad of four or five blotters at one time. The metal corners will hold them securely in place and enhance the appearance of your desk materially. Obtain a strip of copper of good weight two inches wide and four inches long. Make two bends in each piece along the dotted lines and bring the edges close together on the other side. The space within these corners should be thick enough to admit three or four blotters at one time.

You can go even farther and stamp pretty ornamental monograms upon the solid side by means of a blunt nail or nail set.

A set of four of these will, when wrapped in tissue paper in a nice gift box, make an ideal present at Christmas time.

Spinny, a Tale of a Sea Horse

By B. C.—Part II.

WITH the coming of dawn the small sea horse scanned the water anxiously, for by this time he was very hungry, but there was not a sign of weed, and he began to sob again. "Hullo, doleful person, who are you?" called a cheerful voice. Spinny turned, and there was a quaint fish somewhat larger than himself with wide round eyes and a queer lancelike fin carried half erect. "Who are you?" repeated the newcomer. "Why are you looking so sad?" "I'm Spinny and I'm lost. I can't stop swimming this way and I don't want to. I want to go home. Oh, I do want to go home," and he sniffed sorrowfully. "I'm Firro; I'm very fierce," said the other, and he raised his lance stiffly erect and looked so ferocious that Spinny backed away. "It's all right; I won't hurt you," added the filefish reassuringly. "I can't promise to get you home, but we'll see about that later. First, you must have something to eat. We should come upon my weed patch soon."

Shortly afterwards a large mass of grey-green weed appeared, and before long the adventurer was enjoying a splendid meal at the home of his new friend, while all the family and several neighbors offered various suggestions for his return. Firro shook his head at all their plans, explaining that as their home was in the path of the Gulf Stream Spinny was not yet free of the current and none of them were strong enough to tow him clear. At this the poor sea horse pushed his plate away sadly. "There, there," cried the filefish mother, "don't you fret, my little lad. Let me tuck you up in Firro's warm grey bed and you rest awhile. We'll think of something splendid in no time, you may be sure." While Spinny slept filefish messengers sped hither and thither over the weed, searching for a round scheme. Each came back eagerly with a plan, but each was rejected by Firro. At last, when all Filetown was fast asleep, a weary fish crept to the door. "I have a plan," he called. "Let him go to the yellow coral, there is a hermit who will help him." Early next morning Spinny set out, although the filefish begged him to stay with them just a little longer. He swam, and the stream hurried him on until he thought he must have gone too far. Then a large grove of sea fans appeared, and in their midst gleaming towers of creamy coral. The traveler took a deep breath and dived to a small door marked "Knock and Enter." Inside the big airy hall he came upon the most brilliant fish he had ever seen. The hermit, for he it was, wore a coat of orange striped with broad bands of velvety black. His tiny fins and tail were beautifully groomed. "You must be the lost Spinny," he said kindly. "However, now you will soon be safe at home. I have a very dear friend, a ship's barnacle, who is living at present on a boat near here. A short time ago he sent me a note saying he was leaving for the South tonight. He will be delighted if you accompany them; they pass close to your weed. When you are rested we will set out." They travelled for some time along coral shelves and Spinny was amazed at the many bright fish who lived there. "We are a strange, gay crowd," said the hermit. "I don't suppose you have ever seen such brightly colored suits?" "No, indeed," said the horse, looking regretfully at his own drab-colored self. "Ah, well we are really like you," continued the coral fish. "We dress to match our houses." A vast black wall rose above them and Spinny, looking up, wondered if the sky was black. "We're under the ship," called the hermit. "This way," and he went toward the stern, where a rasping voice hailed him, and in a few minutes the little sea horse was introduced to the ship's barnacles. He saw long stalks suspended from the hull, at the end of which were little shells beautifully hinged together, and beneath these dainty feathery feet waved in the water. They had swung a weed hammock for him, which he found very comfortable indeed. Soon weird noises sounded from above, the coral fish said good-bye hurriedly and they were off. At first Spinny was quite sure he would never survive in the queer half-light full of unaccustomed sounds. "Don't you mind being in the dark all the time?" he asked the barnacles. "Oh no, it doesn't make any difference to us, you see we haven't any eyes." "No eyes!" "No, we used to have, of course, but we don't need them in our calling so we threw them away, all barnacles do." The horse thought this so unusual that he didn't ask his companions any more questions, and presently he fell asleep. All that day and the following night he slept so soundly that the barnacles were anxious, and though he must have caught a chill through worry. However, when they called him to tell him he was near home they were reassured. The little fish tumbled out rubbing his eyes. He took a big breath of water, yes it was his very own home water. Thanking the barnacles for their kindness, he scrambled off toward the familiar grey-green patch down the lane, and up to his own wide door. In a minute the family were around him with much hugging and excited exclamations. His father hugged him longest of all and was far too glad to have him back to scold. "Come, come, children," he said. "Come and have breakfast. I daresay you're ready for a little something, eh, Spinny?" When they drew up to the neat shell table Spinny told his adventures while the little ones listened wide eyed and their father exclaimed softly, "Well, well!" and "Think of that now."

Prizes for Poems on the Skylark

THE only place in Canada and on the Pacific Coast that the English skylark has made his home is in the neighborhood of Victoria. Hither the bird was brought in 1903 and again in 1913 and here it makes its nest in the meadow grass, mounting from it skyward, singing his lovely song.

The Colonist thinks the young people of Victoria and the Island might like to write a poem about the skylark and its song. Perhaps some of them have already written one. To encourage poetry and the love of the skylark and all birds, The Colonist offers four prizes, two for boys and two for girls, for poems on Victoria's own bird, the English skylark. The first prizes are five dollars and the seconds are copies of "Birds of Western Canada," a large, beautifully-illustrated book.

Follow these instructions: 1. The poem must be original and written by the person sending it. 2. Write on one side of the paper only. 3. Send it in on or before Saturday, November 2, to the Editor, Children's Page. 4. Open to all boys and girls of seventeen years old and under. 5. The prize poems will belong to The Colonist and will be published.

The Colonist published two articles on the skylark last Summer, on June 16 and July 29, and will publish another in a week or two. The Public School Magazine for September also has an article by Dr. J. K. Unsworth. There is a mounted skylark in the Provincial Museum which, poor thing, was found frozen after last January's storm.

The Beginning of a Fortune

A MAN died in England a short time ago who has given away millions of dollars. Yet he was born in poverty in Russia. His name was Bernhard Baron. Most of his vast fortune was bestowed upon hospitals and orphan asylums and schools in London, but he began to make it in the United States. This is how the lad in the cigarette factory began to make money. He said:

"I used to lie awake at nights and dream of making a fortune," he said in later years. "One day I thought of a way of doing it. Cigarettes were just coming in. I found that I could just afford some cigarette papers. My employer lent me some tobacco, and I made 800 cigarettes, selling them among university students. With the proceeds I made 1,000 cigarettes—and so I went on."

Then he devised a cigarette-making machine, took it to England, and sold it for £160,000. This was the foundation of his great fortune.

When he was an old man Mr. Baron must have lain awake at nights planning how to spend his vast fortune. It brought him great pleasure to think of the good he was able to do.

Automobiles Are Dangerous

AUTOMOBILES kill thousands of children in the United States and Canada every year, and many more are injured and crippled for life because of motor cars. It is well to remember this and to keep in mind the dangers due to the many automobiles that travel our city streets and country highways. To do so will save you a serious injury and one from which you may never recover.

It is best, therefore, that you keep off the streets as much as possible, that you look both ways before crossing a public highway, and that you cross a street only at the intersections and never in the middle of a block.

Always remember that every moving automobile is a dangerous one. Always remember to be careful when you are near one.

Bad temper is its own scourge. Few things are more bitter than to feel bitter. A man's venom poisons himself more than his victim. —Charles Buxton.

A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use.—Washington Irving

Suburb and Country

Agriculture is a first principle: on it rests the life and happiness of mankind.—Julian A. Dimock

Fruit From the Ground Up

A Series of Articles, Written From Actual Experience on Making a Small Fruit Farm on Vancouver Island

No. V (Concluded.)

SPRING! and the soil rich and virile from the rains of Winter! Spring, and the Chinook blowing softly over the greening trees! Spring, and the leaves showing a bright emerald crown on every one of the strawberry plants. Spring, and the little meadow larks singing a pean of joy over the burnt lands, unlovely no longer now but wearing a bright carpet of unfolding fern and foliage of the fireweed. Even around some of the black stumps, saplings were sprouting, maples and alders and dogwood. There is no death in nature.

As our land was new and on a hilltop we had been told that there would be little or no danger from strawberry weevil. Nevertheless we kept our eyes open for any sign of this marauding little insect which works such havoc on many a plantation. But our plants remained healthy and flourished like the proverbial green bay tree. In fact it was practically an endless task to keep the runners cut. We argued from this, however, that they would bear well, as every runner cut means a blossom cluster.

There was no outside work now for Henry, and I had given up my school. It took every moment of our time to keep our little place going. When we were not cutting runners, Henry was cultivating. He had bought a second-hand cultivator in the Winter for ten dollars, and we used the same old nag we had hired all along to pull it. We worked from early morning till late at night and even then could not quite keep up. The work was always just a bit ahead of us, and we did not stop for Sunday either. We could not afford it.

Marvel of Beauty

FLOWERING time our fields were a marvel of beauty. The plants had grown so large they covered the rows and the blossoms lay over them like a snowy embroidery. The logans, too, were laced with white, and even the baby cherry trees had clusters of bloom close to their stemlike boles.

We had ordered 300 crates and thirty bales of straw, and now we must contrive some sort of a packing house. We used our tent; made a log frame and raised it about four feet from the ground, giving a current of air all round, and opened the front wide. Then we bought an extra piece of canvas at an auction sale and made a sort of marquee on the side for our crates.

Strawing is a simple matter, but laborious so long as it lasts. It took us the better part of three days to get the straw placed properly between the rows and well under the plants.

We had watched all through late April and early May for unseasonable night frosts, which now and then come and blight the berries, giving them what is termed "black eye," which means that those, the centres of which have turned dark, will not develop into fruit. Occasionally the whole lot of early berries is thus effected. But high land is another favorable element in this respect. The frosts are not so likely to touch the fruit. Now that all danger from that was over, we were hoping for rain. We had a very warm April and the fruit was maturing a little too rapidly.

Favored by Nature

NATURE favored us. It usually does on this Western Pacific slope. We are never visited with the devastating storms which used to spell ruin to our prairie crops. In three years there has not been a thunderstorm worthy the name, and the rain falls mostly at night. In Winter there is very little snow, if any. Sometimes a year goes by without any snowfall at all, though a blanket of it through the hardest month of frost, late January and early February, is an excellent thing for the land. At the end of May we had a copious rain, two days and nights of it, and then a week of rather dull weather. Nothing could have been better for the fruit. It swelled out and the blossoms kept on coming so that we knew we should have a banner year.

We had a few anxious days regarding pickers. Unfortunately the fruit is beginning to ripen before school is over and schoolgirls are not available until pretty well on in the season, otherwise we should have plenty of help. A few years ago the growers could depend upon college girls, and for a time strawberry picking was quite a fad with them. But there are other Summer positions now available for them. Scores of them go into the Summer hotels, for instance, where they gladly take any kind of a job for the sake of the change of climate, the variety, and last but not least, the salary, which is, of course, a steady one. It is possible for a good berry picker to make three and even four dollars a day when the fruit is at its best. But there are always off days, and always lazy and indifferent pickers. However, taking it on the whole, it is satisfactory and very healthful employment. The sun is not hot enough to do any harm. The out-of-door life is very beneficial. In fact some women go into the plantations for the sake of their health, and there are not a few instances of quick cures in cases of asthma or general debility. It is, on the whole, better if the help can be domiciled on the spot. But interurban and bus services make it possible for them to get out to the farms early and reach home in good time at night. It was out of the question for us to house our pickers, so we arranged for four girls from town to help us, and also hired a small boy from near by. The pay is fifty cents a crate either for shipping fruit or jam, and we had to pay the fare of the girls one way.

Rules for Picking

THE rules for picking and packing are as follows: Shipping and local crate strawberries shall consist only of fruit which is well formed, of good color, and at least three-quarters bright red, firm, free of surface moisture, bruises, bird picks or damage caused by any other means, and shall not be smaller than three-quarters of an inch in diameter, measured from side to side, which is approximately a 5 x 5 pack.

Hallocks must be well-filled, not less than three-eighths of an inch and not more than one-half an inch above rim of hallock, with hulls and about one-quarter of an inch stem attached, surface berries turned stem down.

Surface of pack must truly represent entire contents of hallocks and crates.

Jam berries must be field run, sound, ripe and of good color, free from all malformed or monkey-faced berries.

After this year I believe it is to be a regulation that all berries shall be packed in the packing shed. This is really a much better plan, as the work is done then under the eyes of the grower and nothing of an inferior pack can pass muster. Particular as one may be, the pickers are not always to be trusted. They require constant watching. Occasionally they will pass entirely over the smaller berries and take only the large ones which will fill their crates more quickly. Sometimes they will skip a whole row to get to one which shows more fruit. Again packers will work with too heavy a hand, softening the fruit. A good picker must have a light touch and a sure one. One of our women was clumsy and spoiled many boxes. Finally we allowed her only to gather the fruit and not to pack at all.

It was very warm at first and we all worked at fever heat, anxious to get the berries on the early market, which, of course, means better prices. Then came the disheartening news that the anti-dumping duty had been taken off and the berries from the United States flooded the prairies. But fortunately we had not time to stop and fret over that. No matter what we were going to make, we must keep doggedly at it. Anything was better than to let the fruit rot on the vines.

In the midst of the season came our first pay cheque, which cheered us no end. It was advance pay, of course, so that we could give cut wages, but it put new heart into us. It encouraged the pickers, too, who worked harder than ever.

Came another rain just when it was needed most, bringing on later berries and letting us have a day's cool rest.

At the end of the season we had shipped nearly 300 crates. At the end of the Summer we knew that our net returns would be about $400.

We could count on more than double that for our second picking, as we should have another acre ready and a half acre of loganberries. Besides the first year is only about two-thirds of the second year's yield. At a conservative estimate, if all goes well, we should have an income next year of over $1,000.

Early Crop of Tobacco

(Experimental Farms Note)

THE importance of producing an early crop of tobacco appears so obvious that it would scarcely seem necessary to enumerate the advantages. Nevertheless, year after year, favorable or unfavorable Spring, there are growers who delay their transplanting until the end of June or even the beginning of July. Then when the early frost comes, in the Fall, and finds their crops still standing in the field, they blame everybody and everything but themselves.

The advantages of an early crop begin as soon as the tobacco is put in the field. Transplanting early in June gives the grower plenty of time to replace plants injured by cutworms and wireworms. The plants have a good growth before the hot, dry weather comes in July, and are able to take full advantage of the warmth. As a result, they are ready for topping before the end of July.

The three weeks following topping are most important in developing quality in the leaf. In the case of late topped plants, this maturing period is delayed into the shorter days and cool nights of September. Under such conditions, the quality unquestionably suffers. Furthermore the yield is adversely affected by late topping, since the growth and filling out of the remaining leaves is slowed up by the cooler weather.

The greatest danger with late crops is undoubtedly due to the frost hazard. In Canada frost may be expected after the first week in September, and every effort should be made to have the tobacco in the barns by then. Even if the crop escapes frost, it generally encounters poor curing weather, if cutting is delayed until the end of September. Pole sweat and other curing barn troubles are likely to develop. The color of late crops is poor, much green, immature leaf occurring. In addition the burn is not as good.

Considered from every angle, therefore, an early crop of tobacco is distinctly advantageous. It has better quality, and the yield is higher. The grower with an early crop has everything to gain and nothing to lose.

Yiddish Not Natural Language of the Jews

YIDDISH is spoken by a large number of Jews of German or Polish ancestry, and is quite commonly spoken, but is not the natural language of the Jewish people, who speak modern Hebrew. The Jews who left Germany in the Middle Ages for the Slavic lands of Bohemia, Poland, Galicia and Lithuania spoke, besides Hebrew, the middle high German. In course of time Hebrew and Aramaic and Slavic words became customary, and a certain modification of the sound of the German words also took place, and by the sixteenth century a world-defined dialect, or language, known as Yiddish, had become common. It was not adopted as a literary language until the nineteenth century.

Some of This Year's Potato Trouble

SURELY the potato is the most plagued plant on earth, being second only in this respect to its close relative, the tomato. We used to think at one time that insects did not pester the potato much. Of course, we knew of aphides and knew that in a hot, dry season they were to be found on the haulm of our potatoes, but that was before the days of virus diseases—mosaic, leaf curl and the rest—or at least before they forced themselves upon our attention. Nowadays an infestation of aphis is looked upon as a calamity, for everything goes to show that they carry from plant to plant the contaminated sap and act as so many vaccinators. Then, during the last year or two the larvae of the rosy rustic moth (Hydroecia micacea) have given trouble. These larvae bore into the pith and tunnel down the centre of the haulm. Perhaps you have been puzzled to see one stem on a root drop and die, the others remaining healthy. Well, ten to one it is the larvae of hydroecia that are to blame. And there is nothing for it but catching and killing them.

Of the waiting hordes of fungi we know a little more. The disease phytophthora was the first of a bad lot and then the various scab-producing organisms came into the limelight—common scab, corky scab, black scab and the rest. Lastly the bacteria stepped in and one of the newest—and most troublesome—maladies is due to them—blackleg, the work of Bacillus atrosepticus.

We do not want to scare you unduly over this chapter of woes, but only to show you what a lot there is to watch for and what a lot of little things there may be to do before you get your now-growing potatoes finally and safely into store. In an up-and-down season like this you can scarcely expect to get a 100 per cent crop. Throughout the big potato-growing areas the crop is light, largely owing to the drought of July and early August. Good potatoes are going to be dear presently. Super-tubering is perhaps the greatest worry which is not due to a specific organism. It is just weather and, as such, out of our direct control. After nearly giving up, the haulm starts to grow again and the tubers follow the lead of the haulm. You get "taties" with knobs on as the result. These knobby specimens will not keep and it is a terrible job to cook them, for some are new and some are old. Prompt lifting, if need be weeks earlier than usual, is the only remedy. You have to be content with the lighter crop of good quality in this case. But perhaps you are not able to lift and then all you can do is to hope that October will be a fine month and sharp frost keep off to enable the young super-tubers to ripen moderately well.

Potato sprain is another trouble that we have to thank the weather for. It is closely associated with super-tubering and is brought about in similar fashion—a second growing spell. In this case, however, instead of the eyes growing out from the first tuber to form branches, the first tuber tries to swell out to cope with the store of food that is being pumped into it. But it cannot do it any more than the carrot can. The carrot splits (longitudinally and on the outside); the potato tuber splits on the inside. Result: You get tubers with hollows inside them. Sometimes bacteria step in to make matters worse and you get a dark ring round the edges of the central cavity. This is known technically as ring bacteriosis. Not much is known of this and nothing at all as to a possible cure. Still, when digging your potatoes you find these hollow tubers it is just sprain if the flesh is not discolored, it is ring bacteriosis if the flesh is blackened. In the latter case the food value is very much reduced. It is going to take you all your time to circumvent the disease (phytophthora). True, the Summer infection for the most part takes place through the haulm and reaches the tubers later. Theoretically, then, it is possible to cut away the diseased haulm before the tubers have got a full dose of infection and to dig a fairly sound crop. In hard practice you can rarely do this; indeed this wholesale cutting away of haulms is so drastic as to be only a last resource. It is very like "killing the pig to save its life."

One thing, however, you can do and must do, and that is to take lifted tubers under cover at once if it begins to rain. They must not be left out all night to be wetted by dew. Never mind about the skins being a bit soft; that is a minor trouble. Potato tubers exposed to rain and dew are thereby exposed to direct infection and you will read the end of the story in the clamps later on.

Finishing Broilers

LATE hatched chickens find a ready market as broilers when they are well fleshed. For broiler trade which calls for birds that are suitable for broiling, chickens should not exceed two and a half pounds in weight. Even those that weigh less than one and a half pounds to the pair find a market under the name of squab broilers.

In Bulletin No. 20 of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, "Preparing Poultry Produce for Market," Mr. Elford, Dominion Poultry Husbandman, recommends finishing broilers on a palatable mash in a clean yard where the birds are not encouraged to run off their flesh with too much place to move about. The mash is preferably mixed with milk, and should contain some green food. It is very important that the utmost cleanliness be observed both in the feeding utensils and in the yard and roosting places, and care must be exercised to keep the birds free from lice.

Bleeding through the mouth and dry plucking are advised for birds to be sold dressed. If the weather is warm and local killing facilities not good, it may pay to ship alive.

For dressed broilers the pasteboard carton, six inches high, six inches wide and eleven inches long is a very suitable package for two or three broilers, according to their size.

Gerald—Have you got hot and cold water in your room at the hotel?

Ronald—No, just tepid and luke warm.

Feeding Cake to Cows

LINSEED cake or meal is a very popular supplemental feed for milch cows. It is sometimes used, though, when other cakes and meals would be more economical and would give better results. For instance, cotton seed cake (decorticated) gives a best sample of butter, but it is not suitable for in-calf cows, at any rate in any appreciable quantity. Soya bean meal or cake is another useful dairy feed. It is very rich in nitrogenous matter or albuminoids. It is this same protein property in the linseed cake or meal which makes it so valuable in stock feeding. The popular idea that its value is dependant upon the proportion of linseed oil it contains is quite erroneous. It is the percentage of albuminoids or protein in the linseed meal that counts as a valuable food factor. Nevertheless, a certain percentage of oil is necessary in the cake to make it friable. Cakes are sometimes so hard and dry that they can hardly be broken except in a machine or by pounding with a hammer. One advantage the cake has over the meal is the fact that the animals must chew it, whereas they are liable to swallow meal with little mastication. The feeding of dry meals sometimes causes compaction of the rumen or stomach, unless the animals can be induced to drink plenty of water. For cows the meals can, of course, be given as mashes well soaked in water.

Garden Week by Week

By NORMAN W. F. RANT, F.R.H.S.

IT will soon be time for planting and it is well to remember certain things in this connection.

Fall planting should be done as early as possible. The earlier a plant is put into the ground the better root hold it gets before the Winter sets in and its chances of going ahead in the Spring are increased. From September, or as soon as there is a little rain, until the beginning of November is the best time to plant most perennial herbaceous plants. Things planted later will in most cases do all right, but the subjects which are planted earliest will be the best.

Shrubs, roses and fruit trees may best be planted in late October and November. In fact, they may be planted at any time during the Winter when there is no frost in the ground. Slipshod planting is certain to lead to the failure of the plants if the weather conditions are severe. Deep, firm planting is essential. Spread the roots out in the soil and water well after the plant is in position.

Early Fall Planting

IF first-class stock is planted and cultural duties are carried out carefully, then early Fall planting will prove entirely satisfactory. The Fall catalogues should be studied and the plants, trees and shrubs needed ordered at once. The wisdom of Fall planting will be realized in the Spring when it is possible that a spell of bad weather will prevent any work on the land during February and March.

Bulb planting will be in order very soon now. Daffodils, crocuses, snowdrops, muscari, chionodoxas and early hyacinths should be planted as soon as they can be had. This year there is decided scarcity of bulbs, both home-grown and imported, with the result that prices are considerably higher than for some years past. It is true that there may be surplus stock after all orders have been filled, and this will probably be sold cheaply, but it will not be available until December or even January, when it is too late to plant with much hope of having anything like a show of bloom.

A good dressing of bone meal to land in which bulbs are to be planted will be found to be a paying investment.

Bulb Planting

THE depth at which to plant bulbs is a vexing question and is one that depends on the size of the bulbs. Daffodils ought to be planted about four inches deep and the same distance apart; tulips four to six inches deep; hyacinths four inches, and smaller bulbs about one to two inches.

Daffodils, on the whole, provide the best effects when they are grown in clumps rather than in rows, for they lend themselves more to a natural arrangement, but they are admirable for bedding if associated with wallflowers.

If an odd corner presents itself then it is an excellent idea to establish a naturalized planting with crocuses, snowdrops, muscari and daffodils. It will provide a charming display in the Spring.

Tulips and hyacinths, with their stiff, soldier-like habit, are more suited to formal planting. Every Spring bed and border should carry its complement of tulips, both early and late-flowering varieties, and give a prominent place to the late-flowering Darwins.

To grow tulips in the mass in a border is to see them at their best, planting them about five inches apart in groups of one color.

The Herbaceous Border

WALLFLOWERS should be planted as early as possible after the Summer bedding plants have been removed. It is well to shorten the roots somewhat when planting wallflowers, particularly if the plants are large and well grown.

A general examination of the herbaceous border during the Fall months is advisable. It is now that it is clearly evident what thinking is necessary to avoid overcrowding next season. Overcrowding can only be noted now, when growth is at its height, and not later on when the plants have died down.

The Fall is the beginning of the gardener's year. From the first of September until the Spring there will be something doing all the time for the keen gardener, except, of course, when the weather is too bad for outside work. Even then there are books on gardening to be read and there are plans to make for the improvement of the garden. Verily, "there is no end to gardening."

Dogwood of the East and West

By E. R. MASON

CORNUS Nuttallii—The Western or large flowered dogwood is the most strikingly beautiful tree of the entire family of Cornaceae. It is said to attain its maximum size in Washington and Oregon; but undoubtedly the Gulf Islands and the Lower Fraser Valley of British Columbia may rightfully claim this honor. It is one of the largest and the most beautiful among the many flowering trees or shrubs of Victoria's woodlands and highways; a tree of the Pacific Coast from British Columbia to Northern California, including the Coast Ranges and Sierras, where it becomes an attractive shrub rather than a handsome tree.

Cornus Florida—The flowering dogwood of Ontario and the Eastern States closely resembles Nuttallii, though it is a smaller tree with floral leaves or bracts indented at the tip while those of Nuttallii are pointed at the tip. In forest of pine or of fir, in park or garden, these trees brighten the landscape in Spring with the green-tinted whiteness of their floral leaves that open before the foliage unfolds, and in the late Summer with the shining scarlet of their fruits and in Autumn with their red foliage.

There are eighty-five species of Cornaceae in the Northern Hemisphere. About twenty of these are found in the north temperate zone, a few in Mexico and Peru and about twelve species in Canada—Cornus Nuttallii, C. Pubescenca, C. Canadensis, the three species existing in British Columbia, belong also to California and the Pacific Coast and are among the best of the family. These, with a few of their closely allied species in other places, are all that can be mentioned in these notes.

Cornus Pubescens is a shrub rarely more than fifteen feet in height, having ovate leaves, downy or pubescent on the under side and reddish branches. (The Californian variety has purplish branches.) The clusters of tiny white flowers are without the characteristic floral leaves. C. Pubescens resembles Cornus Sanguinea, the common dogwood of the hedges and plantations in Great Britain, a shrub about eight feet in height, with dark red branches, black purple berries and red foliage in Autumn.

Cornus Canadensis is a dwarf Cornel commonly named pigeon or bunch berry, a small herb-like plant from three to six inches high, with small flowers and the same shiney red berries, a miniature of C. Nuttallii though only a single-stemmed plant with a whorl of six or four green leaves below the perfect greenish or creamy white flowers. These small things grow from a creeping root stock, their range extends from Alaska to Labrador, in Quebec, Nova Scotia, many parts of the Eastern States and toward the South. Another small plant is Cornus Suecica of the Scottish Highlands. This has deep violet flowers and is found in Greenland, Newfoundland, Quebec and Alaska.

Cornus Mas, the Cornelian cherry tree, native in Europe and Eastern Asia, leaves a pulpy edible fruit which, when unripe, contains tanin. The fruits of all are bitter, and that of the Scottish Highlands is used for its tonic content. The generic name from Cornu—a horn—probably alludes to the strong hard wood of the tree. Dogwood is an old name, referring to ancient British customs in which this hard and smooth white wood was used; it has long been used in cabinet work, in the making of bobbins and shuttles for weaving, also for spindles and skewers. Naturally Canadensis, frequently spoken of as Dwarf Cornel, must have taken this second name from the Cornelian or Cornel cherry of Europe. From Dawson's "Geological History of Plants" we learn that Cornus inhabited the Arctic regions in the early Tertiary epoch and existing forms were in Europe in the Eocene age.

Plants of Northern regions hasten to prepare for another season before Winter comes, so Nuttallii in early Summer pushes out new branchlets with three buds at their tips. If the middle one is a flower bud it projects beyond the two leaf buds and in this green bud is the bloom of the following year which develops slowly until firmly set and sheltered in brownish grey scales for the Winter. When unusual conditions and seasons cause these little buds prematurely to develop and burst into bloom, then all this work must be repeated if the tree is to bloom in the following Spring.

Tips for Goatkeeper

WHEN kids are born as late in the season as this you must decide right away whether they shall be reared or not. Such animals are not difficult to rear, but if proper progress is to be made they naturally require more and more pointed attention than do Spring-dropped ones. They, however, come out in fine style for Spring pasturing. Keep them in the house during inclement weather and encourage growth to the full by feeding well and allowing plenty of room and full comfort when housed.

The loose box method of housing goats is the best but, where room is at a premium, adults may be tied up. When tying, comfort, security and safety are the factors always necessary. The best method for the stall is the up-and-down bar with loose ring upon it, to which the goat is attached by a short, swiveled chain. A hole through the partition with a compensating weight attached to the tie is also useful, and some people, instead of boring a hole, run the tie through a stout staple. You should be careful never to use a tie in which there is too much slack or the animal may become entangled. And do not tie up so short that the goat's head cannot at all times reach the ground.

When a goat has been mated she should be kept quiet, well fed and apart from others until she is seen to be quite out of season, when she may again take her usual place in the herd and be treated exactly as before until near kidding. After mating, if she does not again come into season it is almost a certainty that she is with kid. You can never be absolutely certain that this is so, however, until the kid or kids can be felt by judiciously pressing the flank in an inward and upward direction with the fingers.

As the days grow shorter and colder, more food will gradually be required by the goats to maintain normal bodily heat, so see that such food is always forthcoming. Green stuff, of one sort or another, should, of course, form the foundation and be provided without stint, but gradually more and more hay will be required, and milkers should be given a slightly increased corn ration, according to individual requirement. It is not so easy now to provide the variety formerly available, but make every effort to make the bill of fare as varied as possible.

Those of you who have a long-coated goat must take care when grooming to get well down to the skin and to get the hide quite clear of burrs or bits of any kind that the hair may have picked up. As the Winter approaches the coat becomes longer and denser than during the warm weather.

Now is the time to start fattening up any goats that you think of killing in December, at which time the flesh sells well. A specially good fattening mixture, now available to many having a garden, field or small lot, is one part cooked potatoes, one part sharps, one part barley meal and one part molassine meal, introducing this mixture gradually and preparing by mixing with boiling water to a crumbly mass. The quantity should be regulated by individual requirement of the animals, starting with half a pound per day, given morning and night, and going up to about two pounds just before killing.

More Bank Holdups

Although bank holdups have shown a steady increase in recent years, the number having risen from 133 in 1921 to 292 in 1928, bank burglaries have decreased. There were 220 bank burglaries in 1921, 98 in 1928 and only 70 last year. The figures were compiled by the American Bankers' Association.

Ripening of Green Tomatoes

(Experimental Farms Note)

IN some sections there is a considerable demand for ripe tomatoes after the season for this crop is normally over. This requirement may successfully be met by artificially ripening the fruits indoors. Fruits that are to be ripened should be well grown, free from blemishes, such as splits in the skin, bruises or frost injury. It has been found, however, that the very green fruits will not make a desirable finished product. Therefore, the tomatoes should be as near to maturing as possible. If such fruits can be saved and stored in a moderately cool room, at about 60 to 65 degrees, they will be found to ripen nicely over a considerable period.

There are several methods of handling the fruits, among which probably the following are the best. The fruits should be wiped free of all sand and graded into near ripe and quite green, and wrap them in tissue paper, after which they should be placed in a single layer on a shelf, or in baskets. Some prefer to place the fruits on the shelves or in baskets without wrapping. Either method is quite satisfactory, although the fruits wrapped with paper will be found to wither less than those put to ripen without wrappers.

Then there is the ethylene gas method of ripening. This measure of ripening requires special equipment such as a gasproof room into which the fruits are packed on trays or in baskets. The gas can be used at varying concentrations, varying from one cubic foot of ethylene gas to 500 cubic feet of air, to one cubic foot of gas to 5,000 cubic feet of air. The temperature of the ripening chamber should be maintained around 65 to 70 degrees. In six days ripe tomatoes can be obtained.

Cages for Plants

IN the crossing of plant varieties—termed by the scientist "hybridising"—the artificially fertilised blossoms are usually tied up in paper bags to exclude other and accidental pollen that may be floating about in the air. Also by this method enemy insects are shut out. At the Arlington Experimental Farm, a Government establishment across the Potomac from Washington, much work of this kind has recently been done with tobaccos, some of the "hybrids" being so odd in appearance that nobody would suppose them to be tobacco at all. Incidentally, experiments have been made in the production of "nicotineless" tobacco. At the Arlington Farm tobacco has been produced by plant-breeding process that is almost devoid of the alkaloid.

Choose Best Rose

IN a plebiscite just held by The West Australian, one of the Perth daily papers, to determine the twelve best roses suitable for Western Australia, rose growers from all parts of the State sent in lists of roses they considered best for their districts. Of especial interest were the selections considered most suitable for the light sandy soil of Perth and suburbs. The final voting produced the following list: Hadley, seventy-one votes, Ophelia, fifty-eight; Rev. F. Page Roberts, fifty-five; White Maman Cochet, fifty-four; Frau Karl Druschki, forty-eight; Mme. Abel Chatenay, forty; K. A. Victoria, thirty-two, and Golden Emblem, thirty.

Butt—"Do you two want to be alone?"

Tutt—"No, we want to be together."